

JAN -3 1961

B 895729

Turkish Number

O. Veli Anday O. Rifat Akbal
Hançerlioğlu Berk H. Balıkcısı
Tarancı Çelebi Cumalı Külebi

The

THE CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

APR 24 1961

copy

Literary

Review

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Eloğlu Süreya Üstün Arıburnu

QUARTERLY / ONE DOLLAR / WINTER 1960-1961

Editorial Notes

During the Summer of 1959, while in Istanbul as part of an Africa-Middle East-U.S.S.R. faculty field-seminar sponsored by Fairleigh Dickinson University, publisher of *The Literary Review*, Dr. Decker met a number of Turkey's authors and critics who welcomed the suggestion that we devote a number of the *Review* to contemporary Turkish writing. Since then these writers and others in Turkey interested in advancing international cultural exchange have contributed manuscripts, good counsel and generous editorial assistance in the production of this Turkish Number. It is the fourth in the series published from time to time featuring the current writing of countries other than the United States. The first three numbers were devoted respectively to Israel (Spring 1958), Italy (Autumn 1959), and the Philippines (Summer 1960).

American readers should be informed of certain omissions which Turkish readers will be quick to discover. The contemporary theatre is not represented, this for the reason that it has thus far failed to establish an indisputable reputation for itself in Turkey. Since we are concerned primarily with authors who represent a new and original approach, some of Turkey's well-known contemporary writers are omitted, particularly those who, like the famous novelists Halide Edip and Yakup Kadri Karaosmanlı, represent tradition. The poetry section also omits one of Turkey's most significant poets, Nazım Hikmet, who left his country some years ago, and the fiction section does not include the outstanding story writer, the late Sabahattin Âli, who was killed while fleeing from Turkey to

Bulgaria in 1948. In presenting the work of a few leading artists, we have likewise followed the principle of excluding those who no longer live in Turkey. Abidin, Avni Arbaş, Fahrünnisa Zeid, Fikret Muallâ, Selim Turhan and Nejat Melih, however gifted or well-known in Paris, London or New York, are no longer active in the art life of their native country.

Much of the new poetry from Anatolia reaches the Turkish public only in the form of recordings; for example, the ballads of the blind poet and minstrel Veysel, who continues to invent his lyrics and compose his music in his native village near Sivas, East of Ankara. The relationship of these ballads to traditional Turkish folk music—the music of the string-instrument known as the *saz*—is indeed so intimate that translations of the words alone, stripped of their intonations and rhythmic stresses, reduce them from living art to dry bones. For this reason, it is not feasible to present as much of this admirable folk poetry as would otherwise be desirable.

Mention should be made of music which, along with *belles lettres* and the other arts, is very much alive in Turkey. Ahmet Adnan Saygun, one of Turkey's major composers, is among his country's greatest living artists. His *Oratorio of Yunus Emre*, inspired by the thirteenth century Turkish mystic poet, has been performed by the finest orchestras of the West and hailed by Leopold Stokowski as "our century's most inspired composition." Another Turkish composer, the thirty-three year old Nüvit Kodallı, has attracted attention recently for his Van Gogh opera.

(continue inside back cover)

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Published Quarterly by
FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON
UNIVERSITY
at Teaneck, New Jersey

Subscriptions \$4.00 a year domestic, foreign \$4.50. U.S. distributor: B. DeBoer, 102 Beverly Road, Bloomfield, New Jersey. Copyright © 1960 by Fairleigh Dickinson University. Second class mail privileges authorized at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Teaneck, New Jersey. Unsolicited manuscripts if unaccepted will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed and bound by The Antioch Press, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

tagonist of the "obscure" school, has published five books of poetry.

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JAN -3 1961

THE LITERARY REVIEW

AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY WRITING

VOLUME 4

WINTER 1960-1961

NUMBER 2

Fiction

From <i>Ortadirek</i> , a novel	Yaşar Kemal	149
The Resurrection of the Unknown Soldier	Halikarnas Balıkcısı	156
The Mirror at the Beach	Sait Faik	163
An Episode of Two	Sait Faik	171
Baby Born in the Field	Orhan Kemal	179
The House on the Border	Aziz Nesin	183
Pity	Orhan Hançerlioğlu	190
Dry Beans	Samim Kocagöz	193
Lost Thing	Oktay Akbal	196
The Friend	Vüs'at O. Bener	202
Haney Must Live	Tahsin Yücel	215

Poetry

From <i>Strange</i>	221	Cahit Irgat	255	Nevzat Üstün	271
A. H. Çelebi	225	Behçet Necatigil	257	Arif Damar	272
Orhan Veli	227	A. Kadir	258	Mehmet Başaran	274
Oktay Rifat	232	Cahit Külebi	259	Can Yücel	275
Melih C. Anday	238	O. M. Arıburnu	262	Metin Eloğlu	277
C. S. Tarancı	241	Hasan Şimşek	263	Turgut Uyar	279
Ziya Osman Saba	243	Salâh Bırsel	264	Edip Cansever	281
Rifat Ilgaz	244	Sabahattin Aksal	266	Ece Ayhan	282
B. R. Eyüboğlu	245	Necati Cumalı	267	Cemal Süreya	283
F. H. Dağlarca	247	Attilâ İlhan	269	Kemal Özer	283
İlhan Berk	252	Özdemir Asaf	270	Ülkü Tamer	284

Essay

Contemporary Turkish Literature	Kemal H. Karpas	287
---------------------------------	-----------------	-----

Art

Eren Eyüboğlu	148	Nedim Günsür	195	Aliye Berger	226, 251
Balaban	155	Nuri İyem	201	Yüksel Aslan	285
B. R. Eyüboğlu	162	Ferit Öngören	214	Füreyâ	286
Orhan Peker	192	Metin Eloğlu	220		



ANATOLIAN WOMEN, color lithograph by Eren Eyüboğlu

From *Ortadirek*¹

A NOVEL BY YAŞAR KEMAL

Translated by Edouard Roditi

THE FIRST RAYS of the sun would soon be lighting up the slopes of the mountain opposite, which seemed to be drawing a deep breath and stretching itself as it awaited the warm bright day. With its yellow, red, greenish-blue, mauve-circled, luminous-winged wild bees, its long-legged ants pressed closely against each other at the entrances to their nests, its eagles, one eye already open, nestling in their eyries, its cloud-white mountain-doves huddling together in a single hollow, its savage hawks and falcons, its ladybirds crowding in thousands in the balls of thistle seeds that are called fairy's nests, its mountain goats and timorous jackals, its foxes, their long red tails tossing like flames, its soft purple bears lying full-length in their winter sleep over the withered yellow leaves, its springing sad deer, their languid eyes like those of a love-lorn girl, its worms, its large and small birds, with all its creatures above the earth and beneath it, the mountain lay, with bared breast and open mouth, waiting for the day to strike its flanks.

Now, on the peaks, in the valleys, over the roads, there would be an awakening, a stirring, a tumult, a frightening activity, as the mountain, its stones, its earth and trees, all rose from their sleep.

The sun first lighted the space of a threshing floor on the mountain slope. Then the light crept down into the valley. Two ants at the entrance to their nest greeted each other lengthily with their antennae before going off in opposite directions. The sun then touched Ali's forehead and he woke up. For a while he could not gather his thoughts and remember where they had halted for the night. His eyes rested on the peak of the mountain and a heavy pain settled within him like salt water as he rose. He laid out his bedding, wet from the night dew, to dry in the sun. A pungent odor of sweat rose from it and disappeared in the air.

¹The Mainstay

His feet ached and could scarcely bear his weight as he limped through the fir trees. He rested his left shoulder on a rock and relieved himself. Still leaning, he tied up the cord of his *shalvar* trousers, then sat down heavily on a stone. He was painfully sleepy.

Elif had risen before dawn to put the dried curds soup on the fire and now waited in vain for her husband to return. She went after him through the trees and roused him from his half-sleep when she found him seated on the stone.

"Your mother's still asleep. She's completely worn out, poor thing. You'll be shocked when you see her face all shrivelled up. She seems to have shrunk to the size of a child. How are your feet?"

"That salt water did them no good at all. The pain's just the same, as if they'd been flayed, and it hurts right into my heart."

"If only you hadn't let your mother walk so long! If only you'd taken her on your back!"

"I couldn't do otherwise. She'll walk till she hasn't an ounce of strength left in her. Nothing can stop her. It's me you should be thinking of, woman. Our children will starve this year. Âdil Effendi will make me pass through the eye of a needle. Think of me, of my troubles! I'll never reach the cotton fields in time this year. Never!"

"I just said . . ." Elif began, then stopped.

Ali plucked the dried stalk of an autumn asphodel and broke off its end. A tiny bee buzzed out in a flash of blue. He then slit the stalk in two. It was filled with honey which he started lapping up with his tongue. He broke another stalk, then another and another. The honey had a strange acrid taste that went to his head. It carried the smell of new fresh green herbs. Ali was drunk with sleep and honey. His feet were aching and all the scents of the mountain were flowing through his veins.

Elif was staring at him. "For heaven's sake, man! Why, you've become a veritable baby," she cried. "Come and drink your soup instead of picking at stalks like a child."

Ali paid no attention. Once, when his uncle was still alive, they had gone searching for honey together. His uncle knew every nook and cranny in these mountains and by noon had finally discovered in a valley a plane tree that was perhaps a thousand years old. Its trunk and even its long branches were hollow. Ali's uncle had lit a

rag, placing it in a hole in the tree's trunk and had then kindled a fire that had filled the forest with suffocating smoke. About half an hour later a hive of bees had burst out of the tree swarming into the forest in a vast cloud. "The tree's full to the brim with honey," his uncle had rejoiced. "The whole village could eat of it for a year and there'd still be more. Take out your bread, son," he had added and, cutting off a chunk of honeycomb, they had sat down to eat it. Ali had become drunk. A maddening wind had blown through his head like humming bees and he had felt in his blood the scent of all the world's flowers, of cedars, firs and pine trees, and the intoxicating smell of the earth fresh with rain.

Ali broke off another stem and slit it open eagerly. It was again full of honey which he licked with his tongue. What a pity, he thought, a man should be able to eat a pound of this and forget the pain in his feet, forget everything.

"You're out of your mind, man," cried Elif, snatching the stem from his hands and throwing it down. She had begun to be afraid of Ali. She could vaguely discern on the edge of his lips a white line like that of a madman who tries to laugh but cannot and whose face is somehow frozen. "Come and drink your soup!"

Ali was smiling. Elif had never seen him like this. Only madmen laughed in this manner, all expression wiped away from their eyes. "What is it, Ali?" she murmured. "My darling, my brave one, what is the matter with you?"

Hearing Elif's pleading, Ali gathered his wits: "My children will starve this winter. I haven't been able to make it and I never will at this rate. What can I do, tell me? What the hell can I do? Âdil Effendi will have me thrown into prison for my debts. And the villagers? And that rascal of a Mad Bekir and the Headman, that demon from hell?" He looked towards the spot where his mother was sleeping. "And it's all because of that old pig, may she die like a dog, the old whore, and leave me free. If it weren't for her, we two and the children would have reached the plains of the Çukurova long ago. As if all she's been doing to me weren't enough, now she starts off back to the village and makes me run after her for two whole days. I've a good mind to leave her here and go. I don't care what happens to her."

Elif seized her husband's arm and shook him: "Hush," she whispered. "She's awake. If she hears you . . ."

"Let her hear," shouted Ali. "Let her hear and croak! Why should my children starve because of her?"

Elif clapped her hand tight over Ali's mouth. "For God's sake, Ali, she's your mother. Have you no fear of God? If she's heard you she'll die. She'll kill herself."

"Let her kill herself," snarled Ali from under his wife's hand. "I'll be glad if she does it! I'll celebrate it and in two days, not more, I'll be down in the cotton fields."

"We'll get there anyway. Don't be afraid. When one door closes, Allah always opens another."

"I don't care if He does," growled Ali.

Elif was horrified. "Say you're sorry," she cried. "Say it quickly! It's a sin."

"I won't," shouted Ali at the top of his voice. "Let Allah not open any door and let that house of His crumble in ruins over His head. Let it be wrecked! Wrecked! If He has eyes He can see me and if He has ears He can hear me. I won't repent."

Elif sank to the ground weeping, her hands covering her face. Ummahan and Hassan had been standing at a slight distance, trembling at their father's anger. When Ummahan saw her mother crying, she ran up and, throwing herself down beside her, started weeping too.

Meryemce had been making her way towards the fire when she heard her son's words. Her ears buzzed and her head swam as she dropped down where she stood. Gathering herself into a ball, she remained crouched here, still as the earth, not even stirring a finger.

At the sight of his wife and daughter sobbing their hearts out, Ali's anger subsided suddenly. He had released his pent-up feelings and was now hovering around his wife, not knowing what to do, how to console her. He laid his hand on her shoulder. "Get up, Elif," he murmured in a dead, weary voice. "I didn't mean anything really. Come, let's go and drink our soup. Get up, we must be on the road again. Look how high the sun is already."

Elif and Ummahan's shoulders continued to heave.

"Shut up," shouted Ali to his daughter. "Shut up, you daughter of a dog!"

Ummahan's sobbing stopped as quickly as it had begun.

"Elif," pleaded Ali, "please don't cry. Please!" He smiled bitterly. "There, I'm sorry. You see? I'm saying I'm sorry to Allah." He took his wife's hand and pulled her to her feet.

"You've killed her," murmured Elif, wiping her eyes. "Even if she lives, she'll never recover from this. Poor Mother!" She walked to the fire and looked at Meryemce: "My good mother, my lovely one, you must excuse him, he's your son. He was so blind with anger he didn't know what he was saying. Would a man in his right senses speak of God like that? You must not worry at all. We'll get to the Çukurova anyway."

No longer angry, Ali was looking guiltily at his mother, as his wife helped her to her feet and led her to the fire.

Elif then laid the food before Meryemce and handed her a spoon. They all sat down to eat their soup. Throughout the meal, Ali could not bring himself to look his mother in the face, but Meryemce's eyes, wide open and bewildered, were fixed on her son, as if she could not recognize him. Was this Ali? Scenes of long ago rose before her eyes. She could not weep or speak and something was choking within her. A baby as small as your hand . . . Ali . . .

You can't remember those days, can you, Long Ali? she murmured to herself. I've seen no good from you, Longish Ali, and, *İnsallah*, you too will see no good from your children! When you suffer this same bitterness, Longish Ali, you'll see how a bad word from your child is worse than a bullet, yes, worse than a bullet that pierces right through your heart!

She rose and said aloud: "I pray to God that your children will make you suffer as you've made me suffer, Longish Ali." To conceal her tears, she ran limping into the bushes.

"See what you've done, man," cried Elif angrily.

Ali drew a deep breath: "Shall I kill myself, kill myself right here?" His eyes fixed on Elif's, he was gnawing his forefinger, almost biting into it. Then he tore at a patch in his jacket and threw it down shouting, "Shall I kill myself? Kill myself?"

Elif was astounded at her husband's sudden fury: "For heaven's

sake, Ali, don't! Not before the children," she whispered.

Ali went into the bushes after his mother and found her in tears, leaning against a sapling. He came up to her silently, took her hand and kissed it, then came back. "Go and get my mother, Elif," he ordered. "It's late, terribly late! What shall I do about these feet of mine? I can hardly walk a step."

Elif went and took Meryemce by the arm and led her out of the bushes.

"I'll never be able to walk in this state. See how swollen and red my feet are? I've thought of something, Elif . . ." His eyes were bloodshot but there was no trace of anger left in him.

"What is it?"

"We have that sack, you know, and if we cut it in two we could tie each piece around one of my feet."

"Suppose we use the horse's skin instead," whispered Elif into his ear.

Ali flared up again: "Are you mad? Why, the horse's skin would pinch my feet and make them worse than ever."

Elif hurriedly fetched the jute sack which Ali cut into four pieces with his knife. He wrapped one piece around his right leg and tied it up with some hemp rope. It was just like a broken leg set in plaster. He carefully did the same to his left leg and then rose. It felt strange but at least it was soft. Then he went to their load, tied it up and heaved it onto his back.

"Get going, Elif," he ordered. "You too, children. Be quick about it. Mother, stay beside this warm fire and I'll be back early in the afternoon to fetch you. For God's sake, don't attempt to go back to the village once more."

Meryemce pretended not to hear. She grasped her stick and made for the road, where she stopped. "God will that none of His creatures should have to be carried on other people's backs," she prayed, lifting her hands to the sky. Then she did the ritual rubbing of her face and added: "Amen, Amen!"

Ali hastened after her: "Don't be obstinate, my beautiful mother, stay here. You'll never be able to keep up with us. Sit here. See, you can't even stand on your feet."

"Who says I can't stand," shrieked Meryemce. "My daughter,

it's you I'm talking to, Elif! Look after yourselves. Just walk on and leave me. I'll go down to the Çukurova all by myself."

Ali took her arm. "Mother, please don't be obstinate," he pleaded. "Don't make things difficult for me. A little further off, I want to branch off the road in a short cut which is hard to climb but will save us a great deal of time. You'll never find your way and we'll lose each other. Please wait here!"

Meryemce propped her stick against her waist and again lifted her hands to the sky: "Allah, my beautiful, black-eyed Allah, see to it that nobody should be reduced to being carried on another's back, not even a mother by her son! Amen!" She looked at Elif: "Walk ahead, my golden-hearted girl. I'll follow you slowly. Don't let your children go hungry this winter because of me . . ."

Realizing that his mother had heard his former outburst, Ali became angry again. "Stay," he shouted, "or go wherever you wish. I won't have my children starve because of you. Come on," he cried to his wife and children. "Get going. Let her stay or walk on by herself. She'll see."

ANATOLIAN VILLAGERS DANCING, pencil drawing by Balaban.



The Resurrection of the Unknown Soldier

Original story and translation by HALIKARNAS BALIKÇISI

TRAVELLERS flocked from all four points of the compass to assist in the Great Wreath Laying Ceremony which was to take place the following day. Hotels, motels, inns and lodging houses were all full to the bursting point. A multitude of tents were even set up around the suburbs of the capital of Gensiania.

At last the much awaited day dawned. An hour after day-break the solemn procession assembled, composed of ministers and heads of many states and their vassals and protectorates. There was no lack of democracies at that time; there were democracies of all sorts, advanced ones and retrograde ones, all working for the liberty and prosperity of the human race. The representatives of these mingled with the envoys of the kingdoms and empires. Every delegation was carrying many-colored wreaths to be placed on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Conspicuous amongst those who marched was the Great Hurlo-thrumbo of Martial Fame. Near him strutted the not less warlike two African chiefs, Dindingo of Dululu and the ebony Agiapambo of Farafangana. These had painted their noses with white peace paint (red being the war paint).

The supercilious British envoy, Lord Swig of Swig, Earl of Workworthsly, Officer of the Order of the Garter, in his red coat contrasted with Sheik Abdullah Eldibbly, who swept the avenue with his flowing white cloak. Whilst Lord Swig was shaven all red like a tomato, the grim visaged Sheik was black-bearded right to his lower eyelids. He was much revered because his desert territory contained a lot of oil.

Those who most attracted the attention of the crowd were Germany's Baron Mulbach von Kernsdorferhöhe, so stiff in his austere formalism that he must have been poured into his uniform

through his collar, as liquid is poured into a kettle; Japan's diminutive and authoritative Tagazaki Kagoshiyama; Hungary's Gyongyos Keszethely; Ukraine's ponderous Rosinsko Warwarofsky; Italy's goateed, slender Conte Sacarello di Montefiascone.

But before going further with this description, let me mention the tunnel which was being dug beneath the Mount of Glory.

It is not known precisely for what purpose that narrow passage was being excavated. It may have been for laying pipes or cables. But that doesn't matter the least.

The diggers had dug to a point just underneath the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier when a huge mass of earth tumbled down, blocking the passage and shutting in a worker named Jack Legamin, who had loitered behind when the other workmen had departed.

As it was Saturday afternoon, and as the next day was Sunday, that is to say, when no one would come and see that the tunnel was blocked, Legamin thought that he had to dig himself out or suffocate from want of oxygen. Groping around and feeling for an implement, he found neither spade nor shovel. The only thing his hand met was a bar of iron.

He judged that the best thing to do was to poke directly overhead, whilst standing aside to avoid the falling lumps of earth. He dug about a yard with great difficulty, and his iron lever scraped against a stone. When he struck it, it sounded hollow, whence he concluded that the slab of stone wasn't very thick and that there was nothing above it.

This augured well and, although exhausted, he fell to work with renewed vigor, striking and poking, unaware of the passing of time. At last he succeeded in driving a hole in the stone. He then widened the hole so that it would allow him to pass through. When he had widened the gap he tried to squeeze himself through, but he had hardly shoved himself up to his abdomen when his head bumped against another layer of stone.

He laid his head on the first layer of stone and pushed himself through, lying flat on his back so as to have his hands free to work on the top layer. The slab was quite flat. It was fastened by its edges with concrete to the lateral slabs. He knocked at the concrete so as to unfasten the slab.

Up above, the ceremony of wreath-laying was proceeding magnificently. Those who were so fortunate as to be spectators of that unforgettable ceremony were unanimous in stating that such pageantry hadn't been seen for centuries. There were even some who, wishing an extension of the ceremony, cried, "Do, please, imagine that the Tomb of the Unknown Civilian also lies alongside the Unknown Soldier, for the civilians are killed as much as, and even more than, the soldiers!"

The procession was led by the African emperor of Epithosia. The crown he wore was profusely adorned with the choicest feathers plucked from the sterns of ostriches which abounded in the sandy wastes of his realms. His most august head resembled much more the Hanging Gardens of Assyria, reputed to be one of the seven wonders of the world. His robe of state, woven from the fur of the tropical fox—an animal long since extinct—trailed full ten yards behind him. Thereupon the names of his illustrious ancestors and their warlike exploits had been woven by the sacred scribes of the chief temple. It was as if the emperor dragged a goodly portion of ancient history in his trail.

After him came His Royal Highness Kiandra the Hundredth, Maharajah of Mindirlala, who had for this occasion donned all the insignia of his royalty. He wore his ponderous and majestic round turban which symbolized the terrestrial globe as carried by Atlas of mythological fame. The three plumes which shot geyserwise athwart the skies stood for the three principal gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. On his breast shone the greatest diamond of the world, named the Diamond of Pishar. Behind his highness strode his retinue, including the carpet bearers and the ewer bearers, the ewers being full of the sacred waters of the River Ganges.

Close on his highness's heels strutted with goose steps the Minister Extraordinary and Envoy Plenipotentiary of Northern Pelygonia, Colonel Techsky, in flowing cordons, ribbons and decorations. On his helmet crouched a huge mythological Tuntunga bird with extended wings.

Beside this Goliath of a man skipped the Lilliputian Minister of Belgonium, Monsieur Coceaux de la Trémaillière, with his feathered diplomatic cocked hat, sword and spurs.

It would be tedious to mention by name every illustrious person who was there. Suffice it to say that the flower and the pick of civilization and the world had gathered at the spot on that memorable day.

Each envoy had to lay the garland on the Unknown Soldier of Gensiania, a country which represented the height of European culture, and then each in turn performed the time-honored rites which had been consecrated by his national tradition.

First the Emperor of Epithosia laid his wreath without uttering a word, and then he performed three somersaults in the air, shrieking as a cat whose tail is being trodden upon.

When the Emperor was through with his time-honored ritual, Colonel Techsky of Polygonia came forward. He forthwith shot forth his right arm and, holding it stiffly level, roared thrice: "Tula! Mula! Fula!" in long-drawn martial tones. There was a mighty flourish of trumpets and a thunder of kettledrums, for Polygonia had asked from Gensiania that its delegate's performance should be accompanied by military noises of the most warlike description. Gensiania had readily acquiesced, for it was known that the military preparations of bellicose Polygonia were far in advance of those of Gensiania. Therefore Gensiania firmly believed that its interests lay in the direction of hearty and jolly amity and sincere peacefulness. The noise of the drums was so sudden that some pregnant women were frightened out of their wits and had premature deliveries.

After Colonel Techsky had duly laid his garland, the attendants of His Highness Kiandra, Maharajah of Mindirlala, stepped forward and laid a carpet on the avenue. The carpet had been woven by the vestal virgins and religious prostitutes of Mindirlala. As His Highness' sacred feet had been polluted by contact with the avenue which devils of lower castes had trodden upon, and his hands unsanctified by shaking hands with the same, the ewer bearers washed His Highness' hands and feet with purifying Ganges water.

Then His Highness walked to the edge of the carpet and, taking from his pocket bearer two pills of nearly the size of walnuts, offered one to the Master of Ceremonies of Gensiania. The pills were rounded from the sacrosanct dung of the Sacred Cow or Apis of Mindirlala. As Mindirlala was very rich in cotton, and all the cotton by virtue of the newly signed treaty of commerce had to feed

the spinning industry and cotton mills of Gensiania, the Master of Ceremonies therefore swallowed the pill and remained smiling as if ravished with delight at the honor done him. Then His Highness, turning towards the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, pronounced the three sacramental grand names, "Brahma! Vishnu! Siva!"

A whisper as that of a wind-touched forest ran over the hushed crowd, for what mortal can hear words of so transcending a spirituality and not be hushed into profound reverence?

But lo! the slab of marble covering the Unknown Soldier's Tomb began slowly to rise as from beneath—O, ominous spectacle—there appeared the uncanny face of the Unknown Soldier! He was most naturally deathly pale, and he looked in wild-eyed amazement at the crowd which surrounded him.

His Highness of Mindirlala, paralyzed with awe, paused stock-still in the very middle of his incantations.

Many in the crowd rubbed their eyes and thought themselves troubled by a vivid hallucination. But the Unknown Soldier continued to emerge inexorably and, as he did so, his head and shoulders caught at the garlands of flowers, so that when the Unknown Veteran towered to full height above the live human beings, he seemed to be crowned, coated, belted and petticoated with a variety of flowers.

A sensation of blood-curdling fear passed over the amassed people. All faces went white as they gaped aghast at the Soldier. No sound was heard except the occasional clang of a death-knell which had been ringing for the Unknown Soldier. The very sky seemed to pale as it beheld the Unknown Warrior.

The only people who remained undeterred were, of course, the staunch soldiers and their ebullient officer, whose vocation it was never to be afraid, come what may.

The Master of Ceremonies also was full of courage. He looked at the Unknown Soldier with considerable wrath and annoyance because of the latter's insolence and his interruption of an officially negotiated, codified, arranged, agreed, recorded, signed and counter-signed social function. What impudence wantonly to disturb the ceremony with such a preposterous item as his resurrection! His sacrosanct duty was to remain dead until Kingdom Come.

The undaunted soldiers were expecting orders to fire at the disturber of the celebration, and were on the verge of action. The commanding officer, who now had to deal with an unprecedented emergency, snatched out his pocket book of regulations, exclaiming, "Damn him!" He hastily turned the pages, scanning the contents. But he found no mention of the steps he had to take in such an occurrence.

What had happened in the Unknown Soldier's grave was this: Legamin was dead tired after his long exertions. He lay motionless in the Tomb. But the martial noise that had put a resounding finale to Techsky's performances startled him to new action. Gathering all his force, he pushed the marble slab and succeeded in lifting it. And, dazed as he was, he pushed his head out of the opening.

Legamin, ignorant of his point of emergence, was much awed by the splendor and pomp which surrounded him, the more so when he beheld the looks of horrified astonishment focussed upon his person. Being unsteady on his legs, he stumbled a step or two towards His Highness of Mindirlala who, topped by his huge turban, was standing right in front of him.

His Highness of Mindirlala thought he was being punished by the angered gods for having offered pills of the sacred dung to a low-caste infidel, and that therefore the spirit of ever-young, always-being-born Brahma had passed into the corpse of the Dead Soldier, resurrecting him to smite him there and then. His Highness wavered uncertainly, unable to move, speak or cry.

Meanwhile, the commanding officer closed the instruction booklet with a snap, exclaiming, "Dammit! What the deuce have I now to do?" He forthwith turned to his privates, realizing there was nothing so effective as prompt action in all emergencies, and furthermore, since immediate action meant starting to shoot, who should be shot?

The instruction book said nothing about who the enemy was. Had they to shoot at the Unknown Soldier, at the crowd or at one another? That was the question. But since he could find no answer, he took what seemed to him the best course; to wit: the course that seemed to him to carry the least responsibility.

He roared, "Fire off! Volley forth into the skies!"

Then came the question when to stop firing. He couldn't make up his mind. But after a while he was saved the difficulty of deciding upon a course when his soldiers consumed all their ammunition.

When the first volley thundered, His Most Gracious Highness of Mindirlala emitted a heart-rending shriek and took to his heels. Everybody's nerves were on edge. The deafening reports were a signal for a general stampede downhill. The Unknown Soldier, whose teeth chattered from fright, bolted and dashed after His Highness of Mindirlala. People were running and screaming, thinking the ghost of the Unknown Soldier was trying to catch them.

The firing of the rifles and the whizzing of the bullets transformed the disarray into a wholesale rout. As the surging mob tore through the streets with the ghost of the Unknown Soldier in close pursuit, an American who was sedately sipping a martini in a bar said, "What's all this noise about? Probably a Hollywood movie mogul is on location for a new burlesque film." And he ordered another cocktail.

Ink drawing by Bedri Rahmi Eyüboğlu.



The Mirror at the Beach

SAIT FAIK

Translated by Spiro K. Kostof

A MAN who was later declared insane broke the mirror at the beach. Some said that he had gotten angry at this glasslike mirror, which, with its quicksilver peeling off, made one look green. No, others said, he used to sell mirrors at one time. He imported them from Italy, went bankrupt, got a bee in his bonnet, and now whenever he sees a mirror, he can't help breaking it. The mirror at the beach and I are the only ones who know the truth of the matter.

"Then you are the person who broke it," you'll say, "and now you're playing a part." All right. I am the one. It has been decided that I am mad, a pretty harmless madman who takes revenge on mirrors. No, no, this is false. Here is the truth.

There is no reason for my breaking the mirror. No reason at all. I can't even say I got bored and broke it to amuse myself. It made handsome people ugly—nonsense! A mirror that makes handsome people seem ugly reflects their souls. One cannot hang such a mirror at the beach.

"Or did you start seeing the ugly parts of people, seeing them reversed, just as writing seems reversed when held up to a mirror?" If you say such a thing, I will state that I dislike philosophy and that I am disgusted by the philosophy of genius.

No, the mirror was O. K. It didn't play such tricks. I don't care when it was invented or by what fool, but it's handy in combing your hair, looking for black marks on your face, making sure that everything is all right after you have wiped your nose, or for saying, "Gracious! my eyes aren't bad at all. And look at that line that comes down at my mouth. Damn it! It gives meaning to my face. Women don't appreciate men and that's all there is to it."

All sorts of conversations with oneself can be prolonged by the

help of a mirror. We have a young girl looking in it, a man thinking in it, and someone in love with himself kissing in it. We have old people seeing death in it, the coffin and the shroud, and consumptives seeing the light of the awful fever in their eyes. You can be friends with a mirror or just the opposite. Now you can, if you want, throw the blame of breaking a mirror onto philosophy, literature, psychology, medicine, or neurology. But my breaking of the mirror at the beach has no reason whatsoever. I'll tell you about my day. I know it's ridiculous to search for reasons there, but still:

A little boy was playing under the olive tree. I approached him. He handed me the green olives fearfully.

"Are these yours?" he asked.

"Of course," I said.

"I didn't throw stones," he said, "they fell by themselves."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Bitter things."

His blue eyes with their red lashes flashed on and off like lighthouses.

"Do you know what they are?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Don't you know what olives are?"

"Of course I know."

"Well, these are olives."

"The ones we eat at breakfast?"

"Do you eat olives at breakfast?"

"Of course."

"Who's your father?"

"I don't have one."

Bluish-white eyelids came down with their golden light on his blue eyes.

"My father died," he said, pouting with his thick lips.

"Where did he die?"

"In the war."

"What war?"

"The War of Independence."

My friend, my soul, my beloved, my son, dearest part of me, I thought.

"You may play with the olives," I said aloud, "but don't throw stones."

"Are the olives yours?"

"No, they belong to no one."

"May I take them home?"

"They are wrinkled, wormy, no good."

"Then I'll play with them," he said.

"O. K., but don't try to eat them; they are all bitter."

"Are good olives bitter, too?"

"Yes."

"Then how do they get sweet?"

"I don't know much about that myself."

"Who does know?"

"Why?"

"I would make some for breakfast."

"Do you have a mother?"

"Sure."

"What does she do?"

"She washes clothes."

"What will you be when you grow up?"

"Me?" he asked. He raised his eyes to mine. We both looked into the blue. "I'll be a bootblack."

"Why a bootblack?"

"What d'ya want me to be?"

"Be a doctor," I said.

"I won't," he said.

"Why not?"

"I said I won't."

"But why?"

"I don't like doctors."

"Oh no," I said, "is that possible?"

"Of course I don't like them. Mother got sick. He came to our house and we had to break our money-box. He took all the quarters and only the nickels were left. And those went for the prescriptions, and they were hardly enough."

"But your mother got well?"

"Yeah, but our money was gone. I didn't eat for two days."

"O. K.," I said, "be a teacher."

"I don't go to school."

"Why?"

"The teacher beats me."

"Why is that?"

"I am naughty, that's why."

"You shouldn't behave badly," I said.

"I don't know what behaving badly is."

"Doing what the teacher says not to do."

"You can't tell. One day a friend of mine called me the washer-woman's bastard. And so I beat him. And the teacher beat me. After that they always called me the washerwoman's bastard. But I didn't beat no one because that was being naughty. A few days later I took my friend's pencil. He had two. They beat me and said I was a thief. But I didn't have no pencil, so I took it. But they said *that's* being very naughty. I won't take anybody's pencil again, I said. I took a notebook. This time they not only beat me but they kicked me out."

"You've behaved very badly."

"Sure I have. I don't want to be a good man."

"What *do* you want to be?"

"Didn't I say a bootblack? My brother Ahmet is a bootblack, too."

"Do you like your brother?"

"Sure I do. My mother likes him too. Some nights he stays with us and gives us money. If we're hungry he brings us bread."

"Isn't he your real brother?"

"How do you mean, my *real* brother?"

"Why, simply your *real* brother. Isn't he your father's son?"

"Course he ain't."

"Whose son is he?"

"Don't know."

"How old is he?"

"Older than me."

"How old are you?"

"Nine."

"He?"

"Older."

"How much?"

"As old as you."

"Oh, I see. Now, what'll you do when you're a bootblack?"

"I'll shine shoes."

"Then?"

"I'll earn money."

"Then?"

"I'll smoke."

"And then?"

"Oh, go to hell!"

"Now that's not a good expression. I'll box your ears."

"If I tell my mother?"

"Give her my greetings, too."

A round-faced woman, rather like a Tartar, with a scarf over her head was coming towards us. The boy ran to her.

"Look, Mom, olives," he said.

The woman: "Throw them away."

The child considered for a moment. He walked towards me. Before the woman could say, "What the hell are you doing?" he threw the olives at my face. I laughed.

"Never mind," I said to her, "he is only a child."

"He kept talking to me for hours," the boy said.

The woman answered, "The gentleman likes you, so he talks with you. Don't be so wild."

"But I don't like him. I said I wanted to be a bootblack like Ahmet. He says I'm gonna be a doc."

"How nice of him!"

"Let *him* be a doc! Didn't you say, 'God damn those fellows, nothing will satisfy them'?"

"Did I? Didn't I say, 'May God never make you need them'?"

"Yes, you did."

The woman turned to me.

"Isn't it so, sir? May God never make you need neither a doc nor a judge."

"You're right," I said.

The boy got wilder. He tugged at his mother's skirts. He looked at me with enmity.

"I'm going to be a bootblack, aren't I?"

The woman: "What else *can* you be?"

The boy: "What was my father, Mom?"

The woman: "A bootblack."

The boy to me: "See, my father was a bootblack, too."

"Is that so?" I asked the woman.

"Yes," she said.

"What war did he die in?" I asked.

The woman: "He didn't die in the war."

The boy: "Didn't you tell me so?"

"O course I didn't. Who did?"

"Ahmet."

"God damn Ahmet!"

"But he brings us bread."

"Shut up. Get going!"

The boy had gathered new olives. The woman said, "Throw those bitter things away."

And the boy threw them at my face again. This time, his mother gave him a hard slap on the face and he ran towards the ruins. There, from beside a fallen mosque wall:

"Why don't you take the fellow to your cellar?" he shouted.

His mother shouted back, "Shameless pig!" and ran for him, not forgetting to wink at me. I followed her as if enchanted. We entered through an opening in some gunny-sacking used as a door. Then we turned the handle of a door of the kind seen in public baths. Inside there was a dirty human smell, like that of a lavatory. On the table covered with linoleum were two tomatoes and a cucumber.

"Shall we buy some raki?" the woman asked.

"No," I said, fearing to lose the lust that was crushing my innards.

"Ain't got no money, eh?"

"I have," I said, "but I don't want to drink in the heat of the day."

She fixed her eyes upon mine and tapped my purse pocket with her hand. I took out a two-and-a-half note. She didn't like it. I found a second one with some difficulty.

"I haven't got another cent," I said.

She laughed and, putting her arms about my neck, sat on my

lap. The little boy was perched on a pile of stones in a corner of the hut. He stuck out his head and looked at us with his blue eyes.

"The boy?" I said.

"Never mind," the woman said. "He is used to it."

The boy stared at me with fixed eyes for maybe half an hour. Every now and then he threw olives at us which he somehow had put into his pocket.

Suddenly he took his head between his hands and began screaming like an animal.

"Throw him a few pennies or he won't shut up," said the woman in a whistle-like voice.

First I threw nickels. No use. Another nickel and then a quarter. There was silence for five minutes. Then the hut rang with a shrill cry. He imitated the whistle of a train, his eyes on mine.

"Just let Ahmet come and you'll see," he said.

I threw him another quarter.

"If you don't give me another one—"

He didn't finish his sentence, for his mother got up and slapped him so hard on the face that it would have felled *me* to the ground.

"Now give him a quarter," she told me.

The boy's little black hand was held out. He took the coin; he turned his back to us. Now he lay like a dog, his ears pricked to our voices.

When I came out into the melting noon light, I had a throbbing at my temples. I instantly ran to the beach.

Did I go to the beach to cleanse myself, to throw something off, to be comfortable? No, but as soon as I came out of the hut, I was sweating (especially my head) like a pitcher which is taken from a well to the heat outside. I passed my fingers through my hair and felt a moisture being sucked up by the ends of my fingernails, or so I thought. I had the feeling that if I looked at my hand I would realize that this moisture was not sweat, that blood was oozing through my skin.

The feeling made me run to the beach. I thought I saw nothing until I went in the sea. However, when the coolness covered my body, I remembered seeing a green blade of grass, a ruin, a child, some smoke, a railroad, a dog. Then I saw the eyes of the woman's

boy fixed on my back. How the bastard stared at one! The water was good, but this was of no importance. It only made me see that what I thought was blood was sweat after all. If it had been the former the water would have gotten red. That was the only good the water did to me. My temples were still throbbing and I was still perspiring in the coolness of the sea. Still that lavatory smell, that cool, very cool air of the cellar, that boy with hands black and cracked like barley-bread and with blue eyes fixed on us hovered constantly somewhere between my brain and my eye in the form of smoke that could, if I wanted it to, be transformed into a soul.

Now you think you have found the reason for the breaking of the mirror. You tell me I saw myself in it clearly, with all the dirtiness, the ugliness, and vulgarity. I say absolutely no! You smile, because you see humanity in all its ugliness, with all man's miseries. . . . No, by God, no!

Then you'll say, "You're downright cracked." But why should you? To stoop and pick up a stone unconsciously, pick it up as though you were going to make it skip four or five times on the smooth sea surface, and then to break the dirty mirror at the beach, thinking of nothing, with no purpose, not even accidentally. Why not?

The people ran. I ran. They couldn't catch me. After a long time I returned and lay face downward under a tree overlooking the beach. All of them had gathered about the owner's hut. Half an hour had elapsed and still they were talking about me. They stayed for another hour, talking, laughing, giving opinions. Then a policeman came. They told him. He listened and looked as if he were speaking his mind.

I found the road to the wharf too long, myself too tired. I waited for the night under the tree. A yellow moon rose. Voices, laughter, and songs began to come from the casinos. Then I put my hand to my hair and it was in a mess. I took out a comb and combed it. I lit a cigarette. I placed a waltz tune on my lips and put my hands in my trouser pockets. I passed along the beach, whistling, like everybody else, pretending to be a happy man, as though I were not the one who had broken the mirror.

An Episode of Two

SAÏT FAÏK

Translated by Talât Sait Halman

DIALOGUES between the lame seagull and the fisherman have been witnessed if not actually heard. I'll bet my life that it was the seagull who first started the conversation. I can't tell what the seagull really said, but it's out of the question that it might have been the other way around. I mean, it's impossible that the fisherman addressed the seagull first.

Now, let's forget about what the seagull said to the fisherman. Instead, let's make the fisherman talk.

The seagull said: " "

The fisherman said: "You gonna shut up, you lame thing you? Yak-yak at this hour of the mornin' . . . Patience ain't gonna kill you, you know! We haven't even got to the seamark yet. For heaven's sake, hold your tongue! Look, if you keep quiet, we're gonna get there sooner. What am I supposed to do—keep up with your chatter or row? Never say die and keep naggin' me, eh? Guess you're starved. O. K., you win! Now, wait—just a minute. I'm gonna cut up a mackerel for you. Now, stop screamin' sonny! That's enough, my boy! Look, you're goin' too far! Damn it, with all this gabble, you're makin' my head swell!"

He flung toward the seagull the bones of a mackerel, stripped from its flesh from the head down, with its tail limp, almost quivering. Then he grabbed the oars. In a short while, the Oxia Isles, veiled in the fog, came into sight. The gull was now quiet. With a couple of flutters of its wings, it overtook the boat—and with seven flutters, it disappeared, past the fisherman, towards the coast of the Oxia Isles. Then, it came back and perched on the calm motionless sea. They no longer talked.

It was then that the fisherman turned to me: "Whenever I go out to the sea, he spots my boat and follows me. And the way he

brings me luck—it's somethin'."

"Why do you call him lame, Pop?"

"He's lame, that's why. Take a good look: He's missin' a leg."

"Whatever happened to that leg?"

"I don't know. Maybe a dragon sneaked out of the water and bit the leg off. Maybe he was born that way. Or maybe when he was a baby, he fell into the hands of some little boy. Who knows?"

We stopped talking. The wind carried the smell of the land. I sensed the stench of watermelons turning sour.

"Gosh, look at that," said the fisherman. "Whaddaya know! Just like a human bein'! He went and perched right on the seamark."

We came to a halt where the bird was perched. The gull flew, then lighted about five fathoms or so from us. It screamed joyfully, thrusting its head forward.

As the fisherman pulled out his knife to cut up bait, it took off into the air and flew away till it was no longer in sight.

"He got away, Pop," I said.

"He'll be back in a minute," said the fisherman. "Guess he's gonna find out if there's other guys fishin' around the Spiked Isle."

"Why's that? Does he have to find out?"

"Not for himself. I gotta know, that's why." Then the fisherman paused.

Neither of us liked to talk much. In fact, he seemed to regret that we had already talked so much. One could say that a fisherman is a man who talks to himself, but this description may be incorrect. Fact is, the fisherman's lot is not talkative. I've never run into a talkative fisherman. Personally, I reached this conclusion: *If a man is a fisherman, he is taciturn. If he is garrulous, then he is no fisherman.* But a fisherman must be able to talk when necessary.

"See the tip of Prote Island?"

"I see it."

"On top, there's supposed to be a white strip of land. Right above the tip—near those round-shaped trees on top—do you see that?"

"No."

He pulled the oars a couple of times.

"Now?"

"Now I see it."

He paused again. From the blue universe, a deafening sound emerged. A sound unlike all familiar sounds—human or animal voices, sounds of whistles, machinery, wood, wind, wires, trees, insects—a sound unlike all the sounds of the earth. I heard this sound from the depths, from the fathomless depths: the voice of the blue universe breathing and panting. Just like ants (which sense not our total being, but an infinitesimal portion of our existence), I kept hearing a tiny bit (reduced billions of times) of the deep deafening resonance of one part of that enormous and vibrant and magnificent creature: the Sea. My temples throbbed, and my ears whirled. On the sea, far away from land, I have always feared this voice—unruffled and deep and inaudible. Suddenly, an urge to speak gripped me, a yearning to scream so that I could drown the voice of the sea. Deep down, I wished I could swim to the Spiked Isle (which we were now approaching) and set foot there on the land and sing a song at the top of my voice.

"Pop," I said. "Tell me, for heaven's sake, why does this gull fly to the Spiked Isle to find out about other fishermen and fly back?"

He lifted his eyes—the edges of his eyelashes were red—and looked into my face. He had sensed that I was frightened by the sea and the silence and the inexhaustible deep voice of the sea. Before giving me an answer, he glanced at me. He smiled and said: "If there's some other guy there, that guy may come over here to my spot. I get mad at that, and I move elsewhere. But all day long, I'm mad as hell; and he's scared I'm gonna give him no fish to eat. Other guys don't know nothin' about this: they think I run away so that they won't find my seamark. Cross my heart, it ain't that! Has nothin' to do with it. God provides food for all His creatures. There's plenty of spots around here for me to fish. Look, I know the bottom of this sea by heart, inside out. I could give a submarine its whole log. It's just that I enjoy fishin' all alone, that's all. Get me?"

Now the fisherman turned to the gull: "This gentleman wants to find out about somethin': How come you know I like fishin' alone? Go on, answer him, damn it!"

The gull said nothing any more. Its circular, unblinking eyes with red rings around them were fixed on the boat. It looked lily-

white and immaculate. Its onion-colored beak kept opening and closing.

"Go on, lame gull, answer! Tell him. Say no dice for you if other fishermen come over here. Say you get all peeved and take off. Then you're a nasty guy all day. And I suffer because of that. Say you turn into a pig. You try to scare me with that oar. Say you even begrudge me one measly fish-head."

The gull stared, kept quiet. The fisherman said to me: "Throw those heads to the gull."

The way the gull gobbled up those heads was a sight to see. Just as there are gluttonous men, there are gluttonous gulls, too. It's nauseating to see it. I personally like to see people eat their meals unobtrusively. I like those people who sit under the shadow of a tree, open a little package, and eat without being noticed by anyone. Maybe they smack their lips. Maybe they even have a big appetite, too. Yet, if someone happens to pass by, they feel embarrassed or ashamed as though they were caught doing some mischief.

"He's greedy as hell," said the fisherman. "I don't like that habit of his. But what are you gonna do? He's only a gull, after all. These creatures are never fed up, never."

"Like human beings," I said.

"No," he retorted. "Don't malign human beings. There are all sorts of people. Some people ain't greedy at all."

"But there aren't too many like that."

"There's plenty," he said.

He pointed toward Mt. Olympus whose crest was still covered with the snow which had not melted away.

"Over thataway," he said.

We slipped our angles into the water. Now the fisherman talked incessantly. He seemed to be trying to disprove my dictum that *if a man is garrulous, he is not a fisherman*.

"I've seen many a peasant blush while eatin'. As if eatin' was a shameful thing. I also saw high-class guys gulping their lobster without openin' their mouths, real graceful-like, but—I'm tellin' you—faster than any gull I ever saw. They ate elegant enough. Without smackin' their lips. Just movin' their jaws. But you'd get scared just lookin' at those jaws. Man, they were dreadful things. Not like

jaws, like machines. Not like machines, either; like a treadmill."

The lame gull kept circling overhead, all around us.

"I bet this gull has got other friendly boats, too? What do you say, Pop?"

"Sure enough."

"I guess he knows what each one likes, too."

"Of course he does."

"That's a lot of politics for a seagull."

The fisherman showed his decayed teeth. I almost saw his uvula.

"Stomach . . . Food . . ." he said.

We hushed again. He was gently weighing his angle. Again I was overcome by the feeling that the hook sank together with me—first bit by bit, then swiftly—till I plunged breathless into the fathomless depths. My mind clamored to escape the torment of this blue creature and to die breathing freely on land. No matter how much he enjoys keeping quiet and just waiting his catch, the fisherman began to talk with a half-hearted loquaciousness which betrayed that he did not always think of himself alone and that he remembered my presence.

"It's gettin' rough," he said. "And you turn sick fast. We're gonna go back in a short while, don't worry."

No sooner than he said this, he started talking in a different vein. "Odd," he said. "I've grown accustomed to that lame thing. Those days when he ain't around I'm like a guy who knows he lost somethin' but doesn't know what—and yet he keeps lookin' for it. I can't get used to people, but I've sure grown fond of this bird. Look, if I could get used to people, I'd marry. I just can't do it. Bein' under the same roof, in the same bed with someone all night long, would drive me out of my mind."

I thought of the fisherman's ground-floor room. He would seldom stay there. He kept his nets in that room, and usually slept in a corner of the coffee-house or in his boat.

"Pop Moonshen," I said. "You just don't care for a home."

"You said it. I just don't. I can't stand a home. My mother died when I was an infant. Father never stayed around the house. I used to spend all my summers on the beach, swimmin'. In the evenings, I used to wait for my father's return from fishin', and I would cuddle

up to the boat's prow. Father used to grumble and head for our chicken-coop where he would sleep on the fishin'-nets. Early in the mornings, he used to come to the boat and wake me up. If he wasn't mad at what he'd dreamt, he took me along to fish. If the sea looked a bit rough, he used to grunt and say: 'Go on, you go play at the market-place.' With a lump in my heart, I used to go away."

"Going fishing, Pop Moonsheen?"

"That's right. So what?"

"Why don't you take me along?"

He didn't answer. He didn't even look at me. Yet he knew that the tip I always gave him (although I don't even catch any fish) was nothing to sneer at. After all, Pop Moonsheen had a lot of practical needs in this world. So it's no wonder that he took me along to fish once again.

"But," he cautioned. "I ain't gonna go back even if you die in that boat."

"That day, I got sick."

"You're gonna be sick again. Never mind. Anyhow, you're so highstrung that one of these days you ain't gonna relax on land, either. Listen, nothin's gonna happen out there on the sea. Besides, what if you die? When death comes, what difference does it make if you're on land or at sea?"

"Why is it that out on the sea one has an odd feeling—like the fear of death?"

"That's no fear of death. That's a fear of the mind."

"Now, what does that mean, Pop?"

"Mind works different at sea than it does on land. When your feet are on the ground, with a snap of your fingers you can find some help, some cure. But in a boat you're helpless, your hands are tied. If you feel sick, there's no doctor. If you die, no priest, no imam. Not that they help any. If you turn blind, there's nobody to hold you by the hand. No morphine if you go berserk. Best thing is to get a bottle of booze. Hey! Recep, sonny, go get us a large bottle, eh."

I jumped into the boat. Suddenly, I noticed a black ribbon on Pop Moonsheen's lapel—the kind that mourners wear.

"Who died in the family, Pop?"

"Some distant relative."

This time we didn't talk at all in the boat. When we got to the seamark, he said: "Do you see the tip of Leandros?"

"I see it."

"Do you see the red soil, too?"

"I do."

"There's supposed to be a white house there on the beach. Is it right over the rocks there?"

"That's right."

I put the bait on the hook and let the line drop into the water. Just then, I remembered the seagull and said: "Where's the lame gull?"

He said: "He died."

"What? How?"

"I don't know how. One mornin', when I got to the seamark, his tiny body was floatin' right on the seamark—dead."

"Do you think he came and died on the seamark so that you could find him there?"

He didn't reply. It suddenly occurred to me that perhaps he put that black ribbon on his lapel because his gull was dead. I smiled.

He said: "Why do you smile?"

"Nothing," I answered. "Maybe that distant relative was the lame gull?"

He fixed his eyes on my face.

"Today," he said, "your mind works as if you're on land. No fear in that head of yours! That's the way it oughta be. Your mind oughta work at sea just the way it works on land. There's no cure, no solution for anythin' on the ground, either. We just figure solutions and cures are under our nose. That's wrong! It ain't true! This world is a helpless world."

"It isn't so, Moonsheen," I replied. "There are solutions in the world. Men will always find solutions in the world."

"Wow, you sure made it, sonny boy! Now, that's the way one thinks on ground. One oughta think the same way at sea, too. You're wrong, but who cares! One oughta think this way all the time!"

I was about to say something when he raised his hand, his fingers

holding a cigarette. He made a signal to me to keep quiet. I held my breath. He pulled his line and caught a gurnard weighing twelve or fourteen pounds. I felt he was thinking that this fish would be worth about ten bucks. He took the scoop and dumped the fish into the stern. He put fresh bait on the hook. Then he looked at me expecting me to speak.

"Ehh," I mumbled. "What was I saying? Maybe you're mourning the lame gull?"

He pointed to his head and said: "The mind ages, grows old—it even dies before the body dies."

Then he pointed to his heart. "What doesn't grow old or get smaller is right here."

He paused. This old man, cursed with a fiery temper, disliked and dreaded by the whole village, said: "I wept when I found his dead body there. Remember, last time we came out fishin', you turned sick in the stomach. I got sick exact same way. I went back without catchin' anything. My bones ached all over. I went home to bed. When I got up in the mornin', there was a bitter taste in my mouth—like poison. I turned the cupboards and chests inside out as if I was lookin' for medicine. Then I found this ribbon and put it on."

With his hook-like fingers, he ripped the black ribbon off his lapel and threw it into the water.

"This," he said, "is another sort of madness. I guess it's the sea that makes us this way. Open that bottle."

We poured liquor into the cup. A tear rolled down his cheeks and dropped into the limpid, pungent water. With his clenched fist, he struck his chest.

"This heart," he said, "this heart of ours is the heart of a crackbrain."

Baby Born in the Field

ORHAN KEMAL

Translated by Talât Sait Halman

IN THE COTTON FIELD which stretched as far as the eye could see, farm hands, fifteen or twenty in a row, worked steadily at the weeds around the seedlings.

The temperature soared to a hundred and forty-nine in the sun. No bird flew in the shimmering, dust-gray sky. The sun seemed to sway. The peasants, soaked with sweat, pushed and pulled their hoes in a steady rhythm. The sharp edges of the hoes chopped the parched soil with a "thrush, thrush, thrush" sound. The song the farm hands sang in unison to the measured beat of their hoes was swallowed up in the sun's scorching heat:

Into what is left back they sow millet
They sow it they reap it and they wrap it
My darling sent me pear and pomegranate

Ferho Uzeyir wiped the sweat off his swollen hands on his baggy black trousers and turned his bloodshot eyes on his wife swinging her hoe beside him. He spoke in Kurdish, "Wha? Whatsda matter?"

Gulizar was a broad-shouldered husky woman. Her dried-up face, glittering with sweat, was contorted with deep lines and grimaces of intense pain.

She did not answer. Angered, Ferho Uzeyir jabbed his elbow into her side: "What's up wid yo', woman?"

Gulizar gave her husband a weary glance. Her eyes had sunk with fright into their sockets. Her hoe suddenly slipped from her hands to the ground. Pressing her huge belly with her hands, she bent over, then fell to her knees on the red earth everywhere cracked by the blistering sun.

The foreman, who stood under his big black umbrella, called out: "Gulizar! Is dat it? Quit workin'! G'on, quit!"

She was writhing with pain. She stuck her shriveled yet strong fingers deep into a crack of the soil, squeezing them tensely. With an almost superhuman effort, she struggled to control herself. Pitch black blotches fluttered before her eyes. Suddenly she groaned, "Uggghhh!" It was a shame—a disgrace—for a woman in labor to be heard by strange men. Ferho Uzeyir cursed and swung a mighty kick into his wife's side.

The woman crouched meekly on the ground. She knew her husband would never forgive her for this. As she struggled to rise on hands pressed against the hot earth, the foreman repeated: "Gulizar! Quit, sister, quit! G'on now, quit!"

Her pains suddenly stopped, but she felt they would come back—this time more sharply. She headed for the ditch, the farm's boundary, about a thousand feet away.

Ferho Uzeyir growled after his wife, then called to his nine-year-old daughter standing barefoot beside the foreman: "Take yo' mom's place!"

The girl knew this was coming. She picked up the hoe that was as tall as she and whose handle was still covered with the sweat of her mother's hands, and fell into line.

All this was a common affair. The hoeing continued to the beat of the song sung in unison.

The sun fell full on the ditch with its slabs of dung. Green lizards glided over the red earth. Gulizar stood erect in the ditch, looked all around her, listening intently through the scorching heat. There was no one in sight. The radiant void, echoing a shriek's shrieks, stretched endlessly.

She emptied the pockets of her baggy black pants, put down a few items she had gathered when she knew her time was due: two long pieces of thread wrapped around a bit of pasteboard, a rusty razor blade, several pieces of cloth in different colors, rags, salt and a dried-up lemon. She had found these in the farm's garbage can. She would squeeze the lemon into the baby's eyes and rub the baby with salt.

She stripped below the waist, folded the baggy pants under a big piece of rock, spread the rags on the ground, unraveled the thread and cut the lemon in two. About to kneel, she heard some-

thing move behind her. She covered herself below the waist, turned around. It was a huge dog! She picked up a stone and flung it. Frightened, the dog fled, but did not disappear. It waited, sniffing the air with its wet nose.

Gulizar was worried. What if she delivered the baby right now and fainted—the dog might tear her child to pieces! She remembered Ferice, the Kurdish girl. Ferice too had given birth in a ditch like this and, after placing the baby beside her, had fainted. When she came to, she had looked around—the baby was gone. She had searched high and low . . . At last, far away beneath a shrub, she had found her baby being torn to pieces by a huge dog!

Gulizar took another look at the dog, studying it closely. The dog stared back at her—it had a strange look . . .

"Saffron," she said, "Dat look o' yo's ain't no good, Saffron." She wondered how she might call her daughter who was about a thousand feet away. "G'on, beat it! Yo' goddam dirty dog!"

Reluctantly, the dog backed away about thirty feet, stopped, sat on its haunches and, with a blue gleam in its eyes, waited.

At that moment Gulizar felt another pang, the sharpest yet. Groaning, she fell to her naked knees, resting her body on her hands gripping the ground. The vein on her neck, thick as a finger, throbbed. Now came pain after pain, each sharper than the one before. Suddenly a gush of warm blood . . . Her face took on a terrified expression. The whole world collapsed before her eyes.

"Ferho, man," the foreman said. "Go take a look at dat dame . . . She may die or sompin'."

Ferho Uzeyir glanced in the direction of the ditch where his wife was in labor, shook his head, cursed and went on working. Anger at his wife swelled inside. Cold sweat poured from his forehead, trickling through his thick bushy eyebrows.

"Look here, son," the foreman repeated. "Go see whatsa what wid dat dame. Yo' never can tell!"

Ferho Uzeyir threw his hoe aside and walked over. He would give her a kick and another kick . . . He just couldn't get over the way that good-for-nothing woman had made a monkey of him.

He stopped by the ditch, stared down. Gulizar had fallen on the ground sideways. In the midst of blood-stained rags, the baby—

purple all over—was twitching and a huge dog was pulling at it.

He jumped into the ditch. The dog leaped away, licking its blood-covered mouth. Ferho Uzeyir brushed away the green-winged flies gathered on his baby's face. The infant, its eyes closed, kept making motions. Ferho opened the pieces of cloth. The baby was a boy!

A boy!

Ferho changed instantly. He lifted his head to the sky. A smile filled his harsh face. He picked the baby and the bloody rags from the ground.

"Ma son!" he shouted.

He was nearly insane with joy. After four girls—a boy!

Gulizar, sensing the presence of her man beside her, opened her eyes and, in spite of her condition, tried to get up.

"Good fo' yo'," Ferho Uzeyir said. "Good fo' yo', woman!"

He dashed out of the ditch with his boy in his arms. The foreman saw him coming across the cracked red soil. "Dere, dere . . ." he said, "dat's Ferho comin' dis a-way!"

Hoeing stopped. The farm hands, leaning on their hoes, stared. Ferho came up panting, out of breath, shouting: "Ma son! Ah got me a son!"

He pressed his baby, still purple all over inside the blood-drenched rags, to his bosom.

"Hey, careful, man," the foreman said. "Take care, man! Quit pressin' like dat—yo gonna choke 'im . . . Now get down to de farm-house. Tel de cook Ah sends yo'. Tell 'im he oughta give yo' some oil and molasses. Let's make 'er drink some. G'on!"

Ferho Uzeyir no longer felt tired, the heat no longer bothered him. Now he was as young as a twenty-year-old boy, as light as a bird.

He headed for the farm's mud-baked huts whose thatched roofs loomed ahead.

The House on the Border

AZİZ NESİN

Translated by Gönül Suveren

WE HAD MOVED into the house the day before. It was a nice place. That morning, when I walked out, our next-door neighbor, an old man, was watching the street with avid curiosity and called us from his window.

"You shouldn't have rented that place," he cackled.

I stared at him coldly.

"Is this a new way of greeting neighbors?" I growled. "What do you mean we shouldn't have moved in there?"

He was not fazed.

"Thieves break into that house often," he announced with relish. "It's my neighborly duty to warn you."

As if the thieves couldn't break into his house too! Why should robbers favor only ours?

Rather annoyed, I entered the grocery store at the corner to buy cigarettes.

"There are such characters around," I mumbled.

"What's the matter?" asked the grocer.

"Some old goat told me that thieves usually rob the house we just moved into," I complained.

The grocer nodded. "Well, the old goat was right. You shouldn't have rented that house. It's robbed frequently."

I was furious. Without answering him, I walked out of the store. The whole day was ruined, naturally. I fumed till evening. That night a couple from our block visited us. They were nice people. We talked about this and that till midnight. When they were about to leave, the husband turned and looked at us strangely.

"It's a beautiful house," he said, "but thieves never leave it alone."

Since they were already out of the house I couldn't ask him:

"Why is this house supposed to be irresistible to thieves? Why shouldn't they honor your home too?"

Seeing my ferocious scowl, my wife started to laugh.

"Dearest," she said, "don't you understand? God knows, they have thousands of tricks for scaring tenants away. This must be the newest one. They will drive us out and, since the rent is low, either they will move in themselves or bring in one of their relatives."

It was possible. But I couldn't sleep a wink that night. It was as if I had a date with the thief. I waited for him breathlessly, whispering to myself: "He will be here any moment."

I must have dozed off. I jumped up at a slight noise and grabbed the gun I had hidden under my pillow.

"Don't move or I'll shoot," I yelled into the darkness.

As I told you, we had moved in the day before. Now confronted with a nocturnal visitor, I forgot where the light switch was. Groping in the dark, I got entangled in every conceivable object and bumped into the walls in search of a switch. As if this was not enough, some darned thing coiled around my shapely ankles and, with a resounding crash, I found myself on the floor. "The dirty—" I muttered under my breath. "He tripped me." I decided to pump his stomach with lead, quite cold-bloodedly. Unfortunately, during my solo flight to the floor, the gun had fallen from my hand and bounced away.

The darkness was suddenly filled with a horrible laughter: "Heh! Heh! Heh!"

"Are we shooting a domestic horror movie?" I shouted. "If you are a man, show your face, you . . . you villain!"

"I suppose you were looking for the switch," a voice said in the darkness. "It's amazing how all the new tenants make the same mistake."

"Do you know what I'm going to do to you?"

"No," said the man in the darkness. "I don't know. Now, may I turn on the lights and help you?"

I heard the click of the switch and the room was flooded with light. Apparently, when I had crashed down, I had rolled under the table. As for my wife, she was securely lodged under the bed.

There in the middle of the room stood a man larger than life—

twice my size, I mean.

I knew that if I emerged from my hiding place I couldn't scare him. I decided he wouldn't be able to size me up if I stayed there.

Imitating a basso profundo to the best of my ability, "Who are you?" I asked. It was a deep-chested growl.

"I'm the thief," he answered calmly.

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "If you think I'm a fool, you're mistaken. You're not a thief. You're trying to scare us away and move in there. Look at me, look closely. Do I look like an idiot?"

He didn't answer my question. "You'll see whether I'm a thief or not," he said instead.

You'd have thought it was his own father's house. He started to rummage through the drawers, picking out what items he fancied and talking to us all the while. I have to admit that he was quite friendly.

"So you turned this into a bedroom . . . the family before you used it as a study. The ones before them too . . ."

"Now look," I said. "You're robbing me. I'll report you to the police."

Without stopping, "Please do," he replied. "Go to the Precinct. And don't forget to give them my best regards."

"But you'll run away while I'm gone."

"I won't."

"You will! You will clean up the whole house and steal away." It was a dilemma. "I have an idea," I said. "First I'll tie you up, then I'll go to the police."

"Help!" shrieked my wife suddenly.

Were all the neighbors waiting on our doorstep, I wonder. As if on cue, they stampeded into the house, chattering excitedly. But did they look at us or offer sympathy? No. They were full of curiosity and in good spirits.

"Another robbery," they said.

"What, again?"

"Who is it this time?"

"Let's see."

Some of them were downright friendly with the thief. They even asked him how he was, while he calmly went on packing

our things.

"Help!" I croaked. "Help! I must bind him up. I'll go to the Precinct."

One of the neighbors shook his head.

"It won't do you any good," he said. "But I never stop people from doing what they want . . . go ahead."

What kind of a neighborhood was this anyway?

Suddenly emboldened, my wife brought me the clothesline. The thief didn't resist while I tied him up securely. We carried him into another room and locked the door.

We ran to the police. My wife considered herself the spokesman of the family and told the story to the Chief. He asked for our address.

"Aha," said the Chief. "That house."

"Yes," I answered, "that house."

"We have nothing to do with that house," he informed us. "It's not in our jurisdiction."

"What are we going to do now? Did we tie that poor fellow up for nothing?"

"If you lived in the house next door, we could have done something," the Chief said. Then, as if addressing a couple of morons, he added, "You would have been in our jurisdiction."

"That house was not vacant," my wife explained patiently. "So we moved into this one."

We learned that our house was right on the border between areas under the jurisdiction of two Precincts.

"The other Precinct should look into the matter," said the Chief.

The other Precinct was quite far away. By the time we reached it, the sun was already high in the sky. We told our story again, and again they asked our address.

"That house," said one of the cops.

"That house," I said.

"If you lived next door, we would have done something. Your house is not within our jurisdiction."

"Poor man," murmured my wife. "We tied him up."

"Tell me," I cried out impatiently. "Tell me one thing. Under whose jurisdiction are we? Who is supposed to look after us?"

"The State Gendarmerie," said the cop. "Your house is under their jurisdiction. The Police has nothing to do with it."

We left the cops.

"Let's go home first," suggested my wife. "I'm worried about the thief. He might die, you know."

She was right, of course. What if the thief should die of hunger? Or heart failure? After all, he was trussed up like a chicken. What if the ropes would impede the circulation of his blood? What if . . .

We went home. The thief was where we had left him.

"How are you?" I asked anxiously.

"Fine, fine," he answered. "But I'm hungry."

My wife ran to the kitchen. Alas, we had spinach and, would you believe it, it was the only dish the thief detested. My wife dashed to the butcher, bought some steaks and fed the thief.

This time we went to the Gendarmerie. After listening to our story, the Commandant asked for our address.

"Aha," he said. "That house."

Apparently we had rented a famous place.

The Commandant shook his head. "This is not a case for the Gendarmerie. You should call the Police."

"Now look," I cried. "We went to the Police. They sent us here. Now you say we must call the cops. Is this a run around? Isn't there anybody to look into the case?"

The Commandant pulled out a map.

"I hope you know how to read a map," he said. "Here, it gives the height. See? 140 feet. This is the water tower—116 feet—and here is the hill. Now, this area is under the jurisdiction of the Gendarmerie. If your house were built further up, say about two yards towards Northwest, you would have been in our area."

"All this for two lousy yards," I said. "Do something, man! What would happen if you helped us now?"

The Commandant pursed his lips. "What would happen?" he repeated. Then he nodded his head sagely. "Only we know what would happen . . . Only we know." Again he put his finger on a spot on the map. "Look, this is your house. Right on the line that separates our area from the Police's. See? Of course, a part of your garden is under our jurisdiction. But the robbery didn't take place

there, did it?"

There was nothing we could do but go to the Police again.

"Let's first see how the thief is doing," my wife suggested. "God help us if something should happen to him."

So we went home.

I almost clasped the thief to my bosom. "How are you?" I panted.

"Water! Quick!" he cried out. "I'm thirsty!"

After drinking the water, he looked at us sternly.

"Listen," he said. "Don't say that I didn't warn you. You have no right to hold me here. You are restricting the freedom of a citizen. I have a good mind to sue you."

"But what can we do?" I cried. "We don't know who is supposed to look after us. Apparently, we are in the middle of nowhere. Why they built this house right on the border line is beyond me."

"Didn't I tell you? . . . Now, let me go. Otherwise I'll drag you through the courts for restricting my freedom."

"Give me time," I begged "Give me till tonight. I want to go to the Police again."

"By all means," he replied affably. "Go and see anyone you wish. But it's futile. I've been aware of the situation for a long time now. They have to decide whether to include your house in one of the areas or change the borders. Till then . . ."

Again we went to the Precinct. This time the Chief brought out a map too.

"Look," he sighed, "this area is under the jurisdiction of the Gendarmerie. Your garden and a small part of the house is within their area. Only a fraction of the house is under our jurisdiction."

"The bedroom is in your area," I pointed out. "And the robbery took place there."

He looked at me owlishly. "Quite. First, this must be definitely established. Then, there is another problem: the thief didn't fly in through the window, did he? He crossed the garden and then entered your house. Right? And the garden is under the jurisdiction of the Gendarmerie. Yours is not a new problem. It is already under discussion. First they have to reach a decision, then they have to inform us of their decision concerning the area your house is sup-

posed to be in. Then we can act accordingly."

We returned home. Our elderly next-door neighbor was at the window as usual.

"So they broke into the house again," he cackled.

"Yes," I nodded.

"No one stays there long," he said cheerfully. "That's why the rent is low. Neither the owner nor the tenants could live there. He decided to pull down the house and rebuild it two yards further up. But then he found you fools—I mean he found you and rented the place."

His wife was looking at us sadly. "It's not your fault," she informed us. "It's the owner's. When they build a house they think of water, gas, electricity and the view. But do they think of the jurisdiction? No! What sort of a fool would build a house right on the border?"

I couldn't answer that question even if I wanted to.

Since we had paid the whole year's rent in advance, to move away was out of the question. So we went home and untied the thief. Then we settled down comfortably in the study and discussed the world situation for a while. The thief dined with us that evening.

"So long," he said after the meal. "I'll be back tonight."

Now we have five or six resident thieves. All our neighbors are familiar with them. We collaborate with the thieves too. That is to say, we help them to defend our home against other unfriendly thieves, who are, after all, strangers to us.

I don't know what will happen eventually. Either all eight of us, my wife and I and the six thieves, will spend the remainder of the year there, or they will include the house in one of the areas, thus enabling me to complain to the authorities. But we are now used to our friends, the thieves. And to report them would be rather embarrassing—after all they share the household expenses now.

Pity

ORHAN HANÇERLIOĞLU

Translated by Gönül Suveren

RECEB sat up in bed and looked down at his wife who was sleeping beside him, stretched out on the couch like a patient about to expire. He listened to her tired breathing interrupted by deep sighs. Her fists were closed tight on calloused palms. Sweat streaming from her forehead dissolved the dirt caked on her weather-beaten face and ran down to her sunburned neck where it gathered in the pits of her shoulders and from there spread over her body. As she breathed, her bosom rose slowly as if it were being thrust forward from within. Her heavy and deformed breasts, like overturned cups, seemed to struggle against the weight of the darkness. Looking at his wife for a long time, Receb grumbled: "One would have to be blind to call this a woman!"

Though the night was far advanced, the air was not getting cooler. Receb felt for his shoes in the dark and put them on. Habit guided his steps as he walked in the heavy darkness. He left the house to lie down on the ground outside.

The village seemed to have melted away under the hot and black night.

To pass the time, he opened his wooden tobacco box and rolled a cigarette. He had a strange feeling of uneasiness or oppression in his heart, one which couldn't be compared with the grief he had felt the day he had lost the election for village alderman, or with the sorrow he had suffered when he had been thoroughly beaten by the police, or with the pain he had known when he received only fifty liras for a cartload of melons and for which seventy-five had been offered only an hour later. During the last few days nothing but nothing had happened to upset him. The beets had been planted in time, the injured foot of the ox had healed, the cow had calved, the police-sergeant had played cards with him in the coffehouse. There

was absolutely no reason for him to be discontented with his life. He turned restlessly from right to left on the cool earth. Then he gave up thinking and fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was quite high. His wife and daughters had gone down to the plain long ago. Stretching himself lazily, he got up, walked toward the brick cottage, crumbled some bread in a cup of buttermilk he found by the fireplace and satisfied his hunger. His wife had folded the bedding and piled it in a corner. She had also prepared fresh dough and watered the cattle. He had nothing to do but go to the coffeehouse and play cards, though he was not inclined to do so today. The uneasiness in his heart had seized his whole body. By God, what was it? No rain, which always made him uncomfortable, but not like this . . . If the earth does not give back the seed that has been planted, Receb always feels uneasy, but not like this . . . If the tax collector knocks on the door, Receb feels uneasy, but not like this . . .

"Let me go to the fields," he thought. "That might change my mood . . . and it would let me see what the women have done."

The good rains had ended long ago . . . now a burning heat scorched the earth. A heavy smell spread from the dungheaps in the yards of the brick cottages. Under the sun the village was like a body in a trance, soundless and motionless.

After passing the last houses in the village, Receb stopped for a moment. He mopped his sweat with his handkerchief, muttering, "If Hell is so hot, one must find a way to Heaven." Blinking in the sunlight, he stared at the plain. The beet fields were filled with women who looked in their large purple trousers like huge red cabbages. His eyes smarted from the sweat trickling from his brow. The fields he saw through his eyelashes seemed to lie far away, vanishing like a dream. The plain from end to end was in feverish activity. The hoes toiled incessantly, the soil, baked and cracked by the sun, fell to pieces, the roots of the beets took a deep breath of fresh air.

With a last effort Receb reached his wife and stood before her.

"Are you now half through?" he asked.

Bowing her head to the ground which was sprinkled with her sweat, she whispered in a voice not unlike a moan, "There are still

twenty acres left."

"Then what have you been doing all these ten days?"

The woman continued her work without reply.

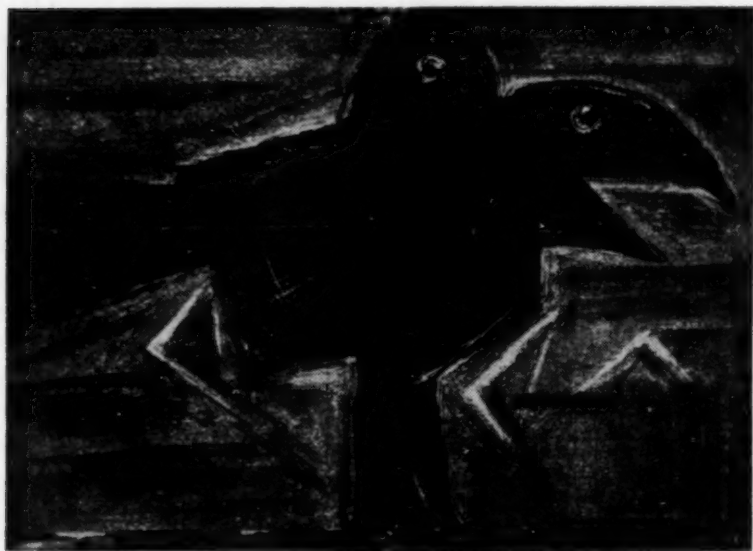
Receb, with the conceit of one who has been created a male, cried out harshly, "I am speaking to you, woman, damn you . . . Are you deaf?"

The woman raised her head slowly . . . looked at her husband without uttering a word. She was panting like a dying animal. Her eyes inflamed with sweat and dust were as dark as a cloudy night. Her face reflected all the misery of mankind . . . the whole humiliation of life quivered on it.

Receb suddenly felt confused and shaken. At last he knew the reason for the uneasiness that had crushed his heart: He had pitied his wife.

The next evening Receb returned from the marketplace with two ship's lanterns in his hand and said to his wife, "Take these lanterns. It is too hot in the daytime—you get too tired. You can work at night from now on . . ."

Lithograph by Orhan Peker.



Dry Beans

SAMİM KOCAGÖZ

Translated by Mina Urgan

THE BAILIFF of the farm galloped furiously all around the bean field on his grey horse. He had mobilized three of his men and had sent them to the wood at the place where the estate was cut off by the river.

"If I could only catch the scoundrels . . ." he kept on saying, "if I could only get hold of them . . . I shall break every single bone in their bodies."

The beans had been picked. The sheaves lay in rows like lambs ready for the sacrifice. The laborers, who had come in from the lower end of the field, carried the sheaves to the threshing-floor. The bailiff stopped at the head of the sheaves lined like soldiers in neat ranks. Like an officer who is yelling "attention!" he inspected the ranks once more. It was clear that some of the sheaves were missing. At the sight of this, the bailiff got more and more angry; he was in such a rage that the blood rushed to his face. He got off his horse. He lit a cigarette. He shouted at the three farmhands who were slowly shuffling towards him: "You rascals! Couldn't you find them?"

"We looked through the whole wood, we searched everywhere. There's nothing."

"The brutes! They must have buried the sheaves somewhere."

"Well," said one of the farmhands, "if they did bury them, we can never get them back."

When he heard that, the bailiff almost burst with rage. More than the burning heat of July, it was the thought of what the landlord would say to him which made him drip with sweat. With a murderous look, his eyes roved around. Then, all of a sudden, there was a gleam in them. A mean smile twitched his lips.

"You're not worth a damn without me," he said to his men.

"Come along now, we've got the thieves."

And he walked off.

One of the farmhands held the bailiff's horse and waited behind. The two others, like the bailiff, advanced cautiously, trying hard not to make any noise. But in fact the place where the bailiff meant to go was at least a kilometer away. Far off, right on the river's bank, rose a thin column of smoke. The smoke of this faintly smouldering fire formed circles in the still air. The bailiff as he came nearer was in an ecstasy of joy and excitement.

He kept on turning back in order to warn the two others: "Keep quiet, you rascals!"

At last they could see the river. The white foam which now and then appeared on its smooth yellow surface melted rapidly under the burning sun. Protected by the branches, they moved stealthily along the sandy banks toward the place where the fire was burning.

This was a little cave that the water in its rage had carved in the rock. Now that the water had ebbed, it could easily be used as a house. The fire burned in front of the cave. The lower half of a can of petroleum, black with soot, stood on the fire. The bailiff's nose caught the smell of dry beans boiling in water. In front of the fire, three children with wooden spoons in their hands were waiting. Two of the children looked like a pair of daisies spattered with mud after a rainstorm. The third one was a very dark little boy of four or five. His huge eyes were fixed on the boiling beans. Just then the mother came out of the cave and was petrified when she saw the men coming. Her hands dropped to her sides. Big tears rose in her eyes. The bailiff pushed her aside and walked into the cave. A young man, unshaven and with tousled hair, sat on the ground. The bean sheaves were piled next to him and he was threshing them with a thick stick. When he saw those who stood in front of him, he left his work. He was neither startled like his children nor upset like his wife. But a burning hate, strong enough to destroy everything around him, flashed in his eyes. For a while the young man and the bailiff stared at each other as if they meant to knock each other down. The young man began to grip the stick with which he had been threshing the beans. The bailiff was aware of that. For a moment he hesitated, trying to decide what to do. Now that he was

faced by this man who sat on the ground like a piece or rock, ready to shoot up, all his rage died down. But he still wanted to behave like a bully. He pulled himself together and yelled: "So it was you!"

The man's voice was calm and clear: "So it was. What about it?"

"You just wait and see . . . Don't get me into trouble now."

The bailiff, after saying that, thought again, trying to decide what to do. Then he gave an order to his men: "Come on, take these sheaves away . . ."

They took the sheaves. The man who was sitting next to them did not even stir. The bailiff turned away and walked out of the cave. The children still sat in front of the boiling beans, holding their wooden spoons in their hands. For a moment they could not help looking at the bailiff. The bailiff stalked towards them. The puzzled children did not move. The bailiff did not touch them. He vented all his fury, all his rage, on the can where the beans were boiling. With a single kick he knocked it down. He stamped on the fire . . . Then he walked off with his men who were carrying the sheaves.

After getting some distance away, he turned and looked back. The mother and the children were trying to pick up the beans scattered on the sand. The man stood motionless before the cave, gripping the stick and looking after them, his eyes burning with hate.

Oil by Nedim Günsür.



Lost Thing

OKTAY AKBAL

Translated by Ünal Boduroğlu

YOU HAVE CHANGED a lot," he thought of saying. Nevertheless he said, "You haven't changed at all."

This wasn't their first meeting, but it seemed as if it were. As if he hadn't gazed at these eyes, hair and the curved form of this lip a thousand times. As if he hadn't lived with her for nights and for days. She sat with her legs crossed—her legs hadn't changed in the least . . . their desirable, inviting complexion. Her shoes were her favorite type—the kind she used to like. He would much rather gaze at her through an eye behind the years than from a distance of two feet. If he could only see her on an April evening of ten or twelve years ago—an evening like the present one, the sun setting slowly. If the gray in her hair could only diminish, the wrinkles, grief and the dreamless expression of her face could fade away. If he could only see her again as the great love of his twenties.

"You haven't changed at all."

"You have changed, though."

She had always been cruel. Didn't mind what she said, did she? Maybe what she said was not what she kept secret, but completely different things.

"You have changed, though."

"How have I changed?"

"I don't know. I just feel that way."

Needless, meaningless words. Unable to find things to say, they kept on looking at each other.

"Shall we sit here?"

The boat had left the wharf. The deck was isolated. A cold wind was blowing. She had a light dress on.

"Isn't it too cold for you?"

"No, no."

He thinks of me, thought the woman. Does he still love me? Sure. He couldn't forget her. It was impossible. He still loved her, as he did ten or twelve years ago. She sought in her memory for his image in his college and university days. Couldn't find it. Formless visions are like photographic plates taken one after the other. No single one can be drawn out. She couldn't reproduce his image of ten years ago. Pieces of a few broken words, some actions—that was all. For instance, they were again near the sea. No, not in a boat; in a small casino by the sea. First, they had drunk coca-cola, then coffee. They had intended fortune-telling. Neither of them had tried it before, but they had got along all right through the forms of the lumps of coffee around the cup. He was madly in love. She had thought, then, that she was in love too. She was very young. Eighteen years of age means a lot to every girl. Ways and means of youth lie before her in a manner that will never end. She thought it would go on forever. Tea parties, balls, movies, flirtations, dances. And the great love of a man, on one side. She was like a child, not content with her toys. Let each toy wait for its turn in one corner, so that she could find it whenever she wanted. But these toys were human. The instant they were broken, it was impossible to repair or mend them. She played with them thoughtlessly. And finished with them all. The road she walked from that casino by the sea to this boat seemed horrifying to her. She shivered all of a sudden. And fixed her jacket.

"If it's cold here, let's go down."

He still cared for her. Loved her. Disregarding everything, all the past.

"No," she said. "Tell me about yourself. What do you do now?"

The man offered a cigarette. The woman didn't take it. He lit one himself.

He always smoked his cigarette like that, thought the woman. She used to tease him, telling him he didn't know how to smoke. It was just the same, the cigarette about to fall from his fingers.

"There is nothing much to say," he said. "I work here now. I was away from İstanbul a few years. Came back two months ago. We've settled by now."

Nothing much to say. What in the world hadn't come to pass

after their last meeting. He had married, his children were born, had come to love his wife. Forgotten the other. Didn't remember her. For years and years. Sometimes, as a morning breeze, the wind of memories revealed the old leaves. He never remembered her as an enemy, though; he always thought of her as one very close to him. Despite all those events and lies.

"I work for some company, too. We still live in our old house."

She couldn't help asking: "How are your wife and children?" Hesitated a moment, and then said: "Are you happy?"

Happiness. Thinking and longing for it were the favorite pastime of the idle days of the old ages. No more place for it now. No time to look for it either. He was in a continual mess of daily sorrows and gaieties. He had even forgotten that he could have loved his wife some time ago. She was just another ordinary woman for him. They were married incidentally. Maybe it would have been the same if he had married *her*. This couldn't be changed. It was even foolish to think whether happiness did exist or not. There was no such thing. Happiness, as they call it, was an unrealized dream, an unnecessary hope of human beings.

"Sure, I'm happy," he said. "And you?"

"I am happy, too."

She smiled. "I am talking nonsense," she said. "That is, we are talking nonsense," she thought.

How she knew it. Their looks met in space. A feeling left fifteen years behind came over them both, nestled between them, no one can tell how. Her eyes became wet. She turned her head towards the sea waves. The bridge was far away now. Beyoğlu and its surroundings resembled the Manhattan seen in the movies. This had been first said by him too.

"Look at your Manhattan," she said.

The Galata Tower, the Tünel lodgings, wharf apartment houses, boats, ships, trams. Never seemed to know the things that come and go. It was always like that . . . No one ever heeded the moving time. Time, on the other hand, never expected heedfulness. Loves, hopes were all left behind, far behind.

The days of their love had surely been beautiful. Was there one single moment when she really loved him? She presumed she was

in love. But now the woman felt to her bones that those feelings were nothing but love. She had lost her love in the palm of her hand. She thought she would find it and feel it in any other man.

He threw his cigarette into the sea.

"I desperately yearned for İstanbul when I was away," he said.

"Which part?"

"The Bosphorus, boats, the Bridge, Beyoğlu, cinemas."

"Is that all?"

"Those I love, naturally, enter into the category."

What meaningless words were these. They were words of people who have nothing more to say to each other. It would have been better if they had never met again. Then there would be no memory of these dire moments. They would continue remembering each other as people of those old days. This meeting destroyed the spell. It constantly occurred to her to ask one certain question: "What in the world did you marry for?" It wasn't a practical question though. They kept on gazing at each other. Then they looked around. There was nothing more to talk about. They seemed to sit on thorns.

"You look fine, today," the man said. "As always."

"Oh no, this is my old dress."

"But it's nice, suits you."

Someone was whistling a tune below—from a new French song. A song that speaks of the leaves dying slowly. Life always separates those in love, it was saying. "The sea wipes out the trails of departed lovers . . ."

Why does he remember the words of this song now? There were other songs in those days. This one was new. Other people, ten or twelve years from now, would remember their adventure through these new songs.

Seagulls were diving into the sea. They watched them for a while. It was almost dark.

"Are you going home?" he asked.

"No, I'll first drop in to see a friend of mine. You?"

"I've got urgent business to attend."

Their conversation seemed to come, not from their hearts, but from a page of a dictionary, the words brought out one after the other incidentally. They were empty words. If there was anything

real, it would be beyond these looks. Lived there. Dumb, motionless, without breathing. If we never meet again, thought the man. She has changed a lot. Somewhat grown old. How did it happen? How can the endless stream of mornings and evenings, following each other continuously, bring an adored being to this state? Perhaps the woman, too, thought in the same way about him. Where had this fat, businessman-type come from? What has he got to do with that thin boy who lived only for love?

They felt disturbed. Constantly looking at the sea. All of a sudden, the woman said: "How old is your child?"

"One of them is four years old. The other, one-and-a-half."

"You have two children then? Which one do you like most?"

She was trying to recover the mood.

He smiled, said nothing.

What meaningless words, she thought. If the boat could only reach the wharf a few minutes earlier. It was useless to continue this conversation. To remember lost things, to make one remember them. Old relationships have to be broken. One has to get friendly with and love new acquaintances. Old loves have to be kept only in dreams.

It was a perfect İstanbul evening. A crimson horizon. A sky getting dark slowly. Seagulls. Small boats. Sounds of trains. Songs whistled. Familiar laughs of people around. It was the same years ago; it will be the same years later. There is something lost, though. But what? The human mind cannot find it.

"I'll catch the bus," said the woman. "I have to go now. You sit here, if you want to."

She rose from her seat. He was pleased by her departure. Didn't move at all. I can create her within me, he thought. She'd better be off. "Goodbye," he said. "I'm so glad to have seen you again."

"Goodbye. I'm glad, too."

From a distance she resembled the girl he knew. Hair flying in the wind. Walking fast. She was like that when she came to their first meeting too. It was as if no time had elapsed from that moment on. He wanted to call her back, then gave up the idea. "How foolish I spoke," he thought. "Couldn't find anything to say."

His wife and children were at home now. Dinner was ready.

This was the real thing. This daily life. Work attended early in the morning. Homecoming every evening. Tired sleeps. Days without love. Nights without rest. This was all that is called life. Everything left behind will be lost, continually. They would be lost things. It was unnecessary to feel sorry for the lost things. Together with loves and adventures, people of those memories and their surroundings were destined to be lost. One should never look for lost things. He should go on living his share of the time. It too will be lost when the time comes. It will be a story in turn.



Pen sketch,
by Nuri Iyem.

The Friend

VÜS'AT O. BENER

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

I WENT TO his shop in the afternoon. Ali, the butcher, is my friend. He keeps his blind cat always beside him. One moment he is cutting up meat, grinding ten cents worth of liver for some poor woman, the next he is wiping his bloody hands on his dirty apron and tossing a swig of raki down his gullet.

He was alone again. He wiped his big mouth with the back of his hand and bade me welcome. Not bothering to inquire after my health, as he always did, he poured some raki into a cup with a broken handle and passed it to me. I took a biggish swallow, then set the cup down. I looked around for some water. He pointed at the pitcher.

"What happened to the glass?"

He shook his shoulder, giving the cat on his lap a pat.

"The blind one's doing," he said. "She did well. I have no use for glasses."

He seemed a shade seedier. He was sleepless as usual, his eyes glazed, their whites a dirty yellow, his eyelids runny. He must have come into some money. He was drinking Club raki, the more expensive make, but half the bottle was already gone.

"You've been at it for some time, I see."

"No. Don't feel like it much. This is a touch. Wedding in the neighborhood yesterday. Hasan Ağa sent me this. Just arrived a while ago."

"Will it be enough? Or shall we send for some more?"

"Why not, if you're in the mood."

"You're not in the mood, you mean?"

He laughed. I handed him a two-and-a-half lira bill. "Make up the difference. If you haven't got it, there's no hurry."

"We're not that dead."

The grocer boy across the way was standing droopy-eyed with his back to the wall.

"Hey, Babko. Come to life." He turned to me. "Shall it be Yeni raki?"

"Yeni or Club, it's all the same."

"Let's not mix them. Keep to one taste."

The dying light falls on the shutters. The flies, stuck against the darkening walls, do not move.

He saw me looking at the women on the road, with their black veils and their bundles, and laughed.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?"

"You are pleased with life, obviously. Yours was the right kind of wife. Mine has nine lives. Add four little bastards. What can one do but drink?"

I didn't answer. The heart of an ox hung on a hook, dripping blood onto the floor.

"Pleased? I'm miserable. Poor thing, she suffered much. How she loved life. I waited for death to bring deliverance. And what I was waiting for happened. What a farce. Imagine yourself in a daze, feeling like scum, you weeping for something you no longer want, something no longer existent."

The boy appeared. Before the butcher could get up I got hold of the bottle. I poured Babko the first drink. He gulped it down in one breath: "Thanks, Big Brother." He tossed into his mouth a handful of roast chick-peas I gave him, and was gone.

"The wife's been asking after you—you haven't been around, you know. Must be in love with you, or something."

I'd never heard him talk like that.

"Where'd you get that idea?"

He grinned, baring his foul teeth. "Does that sound like a lot of nonsense. Pay no heed, it was meant as a joke."

"That's no way to joke, Ali. Najiye is a good girl, and you know it."

"Good girl? What's it to me? Have a swig, it's your turn, I'll go look for that candle."

I cursed inwardly. "The fellow hasn't got what they call a heart."

He was with me when we buried my wife. The hodja mumbled some words I could not understand, in an awful voice. When they had to saw a piece off the coffin he, Ali, muttered in my ear: that's a good thing, now, the corpse will rot more quickly. Even then he did not upset me so much as just now. On the contrary, I thought him more honest than the others.

I drained several glasses in quick succession. My head grew cloudy. The candle's shadows swayed on the wall. "No, the fellow hasn't got what they call a heart." I saw his wife's thin face before me. When I go to their house she hustles like mad, trying to be hospitable. If she were only treated a little more kindly. I looked at him. He seemed pensive. "What's wrong? Why don't you speak?"

"Nothing. You seemed to be thinking. About your wife, perhaps? Don't be offended but you're a softy. Women are a burden, a burden. The thing's to find a way to get rid of it."

"You've no right to think that way."

"You used to complain too, you seem to have forgotten."

"That's different. No matter what, no one's a burden for anyone."

"That's beyond me. Once one begins to feel sorry for others, one's had it, that's all . . ."

"Pity's a bad thing, one must get rid of it," he had said on another day.

He went on: "Nothing doing. Look, I'm not sorry for anyone, that's me. Ever see a beggar in my shop? They can hang themselves. Let everyone see. Why should I be obliged to feel sorry for them?"

We were silent.

The time didn't pass. It was only half past nine. My nerves were set on edge every time my tongue touched one of my teeth. It was painful, way inside.

"God's curse on it. Is this life, I ask you? Do I feel pleasure, sitting here drinking with this man? Boredom. I should have gone home. Books. They can go to the devil, too. What did I ever learn from them? Could they get at the root of my uneasiness?" One must drink. All very well, but it won't last. He and I, this butcher

with the butcher's soul, drink, and what happens? Nothing. So. If at least things could happen, things we don't expect or haven't thought about.

I caught myself watching my shadow on the wall. When I turned my head it grew longer. Made me look like a detective. It seemed more shapely a while ago though. A shapely man. Odd.

The candle is about to go out. The sound of voices comes from the house next door, sometimes clear and precipitate, sometimes thick and muffled. They're quarrelling probably.

"The candle's nearly gone. Got another?"

"No."

He pointed at a street light which was dimly reflected in the shop.

"The light falls on the door."

"Let's have one more each and give up, Ali. Unless you want to stay. But they'll be waiting for you at home, I should think."

He made a meaningless gesture: "Come on, your health."

"As you wish, then."

We were both in a sweat. The voices grew fainter. Something nearly fell from the ceiling. It was a spider, swinging back and forth.

"Get up, Niyazi Bey."

"Are we going?"

"We're going. To the house."

"I'm not feeling very well. You'd better excuse me."

"It's early. We'll sit in the garden a while. Come on."

He got up, pulled me by the arm. He was a little drunk probably. I got up too. When you're sitting you don't know how far you've gone. Must be because we drank without pause.

"Come on, pull yourself together."

"All right, all right."

I'm swaying a bit, or think I'm swaying.

He replaced the cork carefully, stuck the bottle in his pocket. He picked up the blind cat by the belly and tucked it under his arm. Then we left.

I am sure he must think I'm drunk. He has taken my arm, and we are walking. When I'm a little tight I like to step freely, like this. Sometimes we heave in and out of little hollows, as though plunging

into an abyss. Occasionally someone walks past, then turns to stare. No matter. It would not be right to leave him now. I know what he does at times like these. Goes back to the shop and drinks until he falls into a stupor . . .

"Niyazi Bey . . ."

"Yes, what is it?"

"Am I a bad man?"

"Why the sudden sensitiveness?"

"We're neither of us very good, maybe."

"No, no, you're not a bad man. But what of it?"

"Nothing, nothing of course. Let us walk a little slowly. Look, we're on the main road now."

Gently he dropped my arm. When we got to his house, I made to say goodbye, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"Won't have it, Niyazi Bey. Let's sit in the garden a while. I'm in the dumps anyway. If we don't I'll only take it out on the wife. Cut it short and come along."

And he kicked the front door.

I feel strangely numb. The clutter of wooden clogs comes from inside. A feeble light seeps through the half-opened door. We go in.

"Ah, is it you, Big Brother, after all this time? Make yourself at home."

"You've asked and asked after him, here he is, your Big Brother. Don't stand there now. We're going to stay in the garden. Bring glasses. Find something to eat. Leave us the lantern."

We dropped into the iron chairs by the wood table. The air was stagnant. Bits of broken glass shone on the ground. The sky was starry. Which was the North Star, I wondered?

"Hey, hurry up. Bring two glasses to begin with."

She called from within: "I am coming. You might have sent me word. How was I to know . . ."

Everytime I come, she rushes off to improve her appearance, puts on her new cotton frock. It was the same this time. As she put the glasses down, she said: "You must excuse us, Big Brother. You are welcome. If I'd been warned . . . There is a little liver, at least. I'll bring that. And make a salad . . ."

"Never mind, Najiye, do not trouble yourself."

"Bring this, make that—stop talking. Bring whatever there is."

She threw him a resentful glance as she walked away.

I seized the glass. Liquor should be stronger . . . The tidbits appeared. She took a chair and sat down near us.

"How have you been? I would have come, on your day of sorrow, but he wouldn't let me."

"Thank you, Najiye. It was better that you didn't come. How are the children?"

"Oh, they're all right."

Silence. The air is heavy again. I must go. It's absurd. What am I doing here. Then I quickly weaken. One moment I feel Najiye's admiring look on me. I must say something.

"The children must have gone to bed. What's Mustafa up to?"

She wrinkled her face: "What do you think, he is busy breaking everything that he can get hold of."

Ali produced a loud sigh, winked, then with a hoarse laugh filled the glass half full and extended it to his wife: "Take this and drink it."

"You must be drunk. I do not want it, take your hand away."

"Drink it, I say. Stop the pretense. You see, Niyazi Bey?"

I looked at her, she did not seem very reluctant. If I seemed not to mind, she'd take it. I smiled, she took it.

"I swear it's to please you, Big Brother."

She drank, without stopping for breath, like one accustomed to it.

"You've tossed it off in one go," I said. "And your eyes are running."

"It doesn't matter."

"Shall we make it three, Ali?"

Poor woman. She must have had hopes, like my wife had. Whose fault was it? We couldn't make a go of it. Which of us is free now? What do I care? Does she feel anything? May she rest in peace. Is it worth all this suffering? This—so called—life?

The shadows move on the mud-brick wall. The leaves rustle.

Ali heaves another sigh: "Devil take this weather, not a breath of air. We're going to suffocate any moment. I've no cigarettes left, have you got one, Niyazi Bey?"

I gave him one.

"Give one to Najiye. Come on, take it, stop playing the lady. And sing that song of yours, you know. Slowly."

She did not demur. A strange brilliance came and went in her grey eyes. She sang with a moving, muddy voice:

"It is dark, so dark in my soul,
The dawn does not come . . ."

If it came, what would it bring? You too are feeling sad, Najiye. Why do you look like that? You are right—yours is no kind of life. Your children, big and small. This coarse, stupid oaf. Once you've fallen—nonsense, what's it to me if she's fallen? Am I to straighten out all the troubles in the world?

"You didn't like my song, Big Brother."

"No, no, it was very nice. Believe me. Really."

She's pleased. I'm a fool. All of a year, I hadn't realized . . . But I had. She's not innocent. Can't expect a woman to be that innocent. Though you can't tell either. Might be. Come on, now. You think I'm drunk, I know it. I'm not. I don't make mistakes . . .

"What a hell of a lot we've had to drink, eh. What's the time?"
The oaf.

"Nearly eleven."

"Good. The taverns are still open. I'll be right back."

He was getting up. Najiye jumped in front of him: "Are you mad?"

"Let him go, now."

"Out of my way, or I'll give you the back of my hand." He pushes her in the bosom.

"Beast."

I stepped between them.

"Come to, Ali. She's right, it *is* late. Give it up. If that's the way you are going to behave, I am going at once."

He seemed flustered.

"You sit down, for God's sake. I'll be hurt if you don't." He turned to his wife: "Off with you, make a bed upstairs. We're not that dead, Niyazi Bey."

The wooden gate closed with a bang . . .

What to do?

"Sit down, Najiye, where are you going?"

She stopped.

"If it's the bed, don't bother. I shan't stay."

"Why not? Ali will be angry if you don't."

"Sit down, I say."

I leant hard against the back of the chair. It is dark, so dark in my soul . . . She looks a bit timid now.

"Big Brother, are you asleep?"

"No."

"You're not talking."

"Why did you sing that song, Najiye?"

She sighed: "No reason. How should I know? I just felt like it."

"It has upset me very much."

"You mean it?"

"Seriously."

"You're joking."

She paused to listen. "The girl's awake, I think. Let me go look."

What's she doing? Waiting. Never until now . . . A strange throbbing began in my veins. What would she do? Stop being a fool. Suppose it's not as you think. Giddy opportunist. Well, never mind, it's not so important. In her place, she's right. What's it to you?

She returned quickly. She picked up my glass, without asking my leave, and drank from it.

"Has the child gone to sleep?"

"Yes. I gave it some water."

"That's good. You think of your children."

"Me? Not the least little bit."

"Why not?"

"My children don't mean a thing to me."

"So."

"Do not make fun of me."

"Come here a little."

She came nearer. What should one say? How quiet she is.

"Listen to me. You must be patient. These things will pass."

She laughed. They were laughable words, of course. Go now.

Get up. Think I don't understand, idiot? But I'll go.

"Excuse me, I must go now."

"You are going?"

Words. Unnecessary zeal.

"I'm going."

"Home?"

"Where else?"

"What shall I say to Ali?"

"You'll say he waited and waited, then left."

I walked a little. She ran after me. My hand was almost on the latch when she laughed again. I stopped.

"Fool."

"I am not drunk, Najiye."

"I know."

"Get away from the gate."

She was trembling. The throbbing in my veins suddenly increased. She started at first, then the lantern in her hand fell to her feet.

"Now get out of my way. That's enough."

She looked down guiltily. She said nothing. I went out of the gate. I had not taken fifteen steps before I felt regret. I should have insisted. Go back. No, I mustn't. Why not? I'll wait for Ali. He should be back any moment now. I'll say I met him on the way. I went back. I hid in a dark corner of the mud-brick wall. Light a cigarette now. How warm her lips were. Idiot, you should have understood long since.

Perhaps half an hour went by. A shadow appeared ahead. It was clear he was tight as an owl. He crumpled down by the gate like an empty sack. I ran.

We dragged him in, stretched him on the divan. He was mumbling. His unshaven beard, his big protruding eyes, his huge head, lurching sideways on his neck, were disgusting. There were deep lines, a strange meaning on his face. Unlike earlier, Najiye seemed upset at our being alone.

"Shall I make you a coffee? It will clear your head."

Why *you*, and not *thou*, as she had been saying? I shook my head. The hall is in disorder. Spider webs hang from the ceiling. The

patter of running mice can be heard from time to time. The coffee came. I saw that the hand which held it was shaking.

"Are you going to go?"

Without waiting for my answer she went on: "I could make you a bed upstairs, if you like."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea. I feel rather tired."

This woman and that dreadful creature on the divan. Alive, and full of desire—how can she lie down beside him? I could give her a night of love such as she will never live again.

"Where are you going to sleep?"

Her look got cloudy. "Here," she said with a harsh voice.

Nonsense, she's pretending. Very well, then. I lay down, with my clothes, on the pallet she had prepared. A little later the door opened. Of course she'll come. I did not move. She placed a water jug by my head.

"Why did you come?"

She made no sound. Gently, she pulled the shoes off my feet. She shortened the wick of the lamp and went out. She is feigning. In a little while. Who knows how much she enjoyed herself—was she ever kissed like that before, in all her life? My breath came quickly. My mouth was dry. I shall caress her hair, slowly, slowly. As the minutes go by, my nerves get taut. Or has Ali sobered up? Impossible, he was blind-drunk. Funny woman. Did I perhaps hurt her feelings? Surely she is awake. Be patient, my son. Shall I go downstairs. What if he's come to? Never mind. Plenty of alibis. I sat up. Took off my jacket. The wooden floors creaked. I advanced, with beating heart, to the head of the stairs. The night lamp with the lowered wick was on the threshold. Can't see the divan. Well, never mind. I went down, without much caution. Wish my eyes could get used to the dark. Isn't she there? or what? Don't hit anything now. I felt gently, with one hand. He's up. That's funny. How did he manage it? I walked on tiptoe to their bedroom. He's groaning. Najiye must have pulled him in, in that case. Turn the handle? If it's not asleep, he'll see me. He won't, the room is dark. Cough? I coughed. Not a sound. Go away. How low have you sunk? I stopped on the way up to listen again, without hope. Better go back to bed.

When I woke up the dawn was just breaking. A pasty taste in my mouth, a heavy feeling, full of dregs at the bottom, my stomach bruised. The smell of kerosene filled the room. Right up to falling dead asleep, in a stupor, I thought she might come. I feel a sort of surprise at finding myself alone. Last night. I'm filled with a strange feeling of remorse. Disgraceful. The door is shut. I remember very clearly that I had left it open. I understand. She came. No doubt after I had fallen into a stupor. Idiot, you shouldn't have got as stewed as all that. Go now, go before anyone sees you. My trousers are wrinkled. I must have tossed off my shirt. Stewed to the gills, obviously. My hands look dusty. What's this? A piece of paper, folded in four. It was under my shoes when I picked them up. So that's why she came.

I read it. A somewhat illiterate hand. Difficult to decipher.

"Niyazi Bey, You thought I was one of those bad women, I regret to say. Yes, I've been madly in love with you from the first day you came to the house. What could I do, I could not stop myself. Today I realized that you loved me too. But later . . . Still, I forgive you. But know this well, you can only have me on condition that you marry me. I cannot be yours while married to another. If it is not your aim to marry me, then I shall suicide myself. You won't believe, but, look, I'll do it. Don't think of the children at all. What you want is all that matters. You do agree, do you not? The house we live in is mine. If you don't like it, we can sell it. I am so happy. I am going to be freed at last from this hell. I was awake when you came downstairs in the night. I did want very much—I'll look after you like your servant, Niyazi Bey. Awaiting a prompt reply."

I couldn't help laughing when I read, "I'll suicide myself." Poor simple woman. How could I marry you? All my fault. Clean up the mess now. What miserable luck. Escape one, to come up against another. They're bird-brained, these women. She doesn't stop to think that . . . I rumbled up the letter and stuck it in my pocket. I felt a bit more worried. Took it out again. "You won't believe me but look, I'll do it." She might at that. I looked at the ceiling. She could knot the rope through that cradle-hook. I saw her swinging. Shivers went up my spine. Bluff, swagger. Is it so easy? Perhaps she thought . . . I won't be seen again, that will be the end of it. It's

early. So much the better. They won't have got up. I'll just amble off. What if she does what she says? What's it to me. She loved me the moment she saw me. Twaddle. Funny, why should I feel obliged . . . ? I'm a soft touch, that's what. I'm angry at my indecision. I light a cigarette. Let me think a little. Mustn't hurry. I might feel sorry for her afterwards. I'm exaggerating. I could string her along for a while. No sense in saying right bang off that it can't be. I felt relieved. She may be up by now. I got dressed and went downstairs. She was in the kitchen. She felt me come in. She pretended to be looking for something. I tried to make my voice gentle: "You're up early, Najiye?"

She turned. Her color was drained. She was trying not to show her excitement.

"Are you making some tea?"

She did not move. Softly I went up to her.

"Don't worry, Najiye. I've read your letter."

I took her hand. She clutched mine—with such confidence.

"You're not angry?"

I caressed her chin: "What nonsense. Angry with you? But sit down and let's talk, shall we?"

She listened with a timid, guilty air.

"You're not a child, Najiye. You know what it means to have given one's word."

She shook her head.

"I love you too, be sure of it. But—there are certain obligations. Though one should long for something, strive to get, yet one cannot. How shall I explain?"

I couldn't think how to go on. She helped me: "I see. There's someone else."

I breathed again.

"Your guess is right. And it's not as though I had merely given my word."

Her face changed.

"An event has occurred, something that cannot be undone."

She didn't understand.

"I mean, I'm obliged to marry her. Otherwise . . ."

She didn't seem convinced.

"You understand, don't you?"

"Who is this girl?"

"You wouldn't know her. She's from Bursa."

She hesitated: "There's a child?"

I bowed my head.

She thought a while. She looked at me as though with pity. Then she gave a broken laugh.

"Eh, what can we do," she said. "Don't worry." I was startled. She repeated: "What can we do. As long as you're all right. Give me my letter in that case."

I gave it to her. "You're not hurt, are you?"

"Why should I be hurt?"

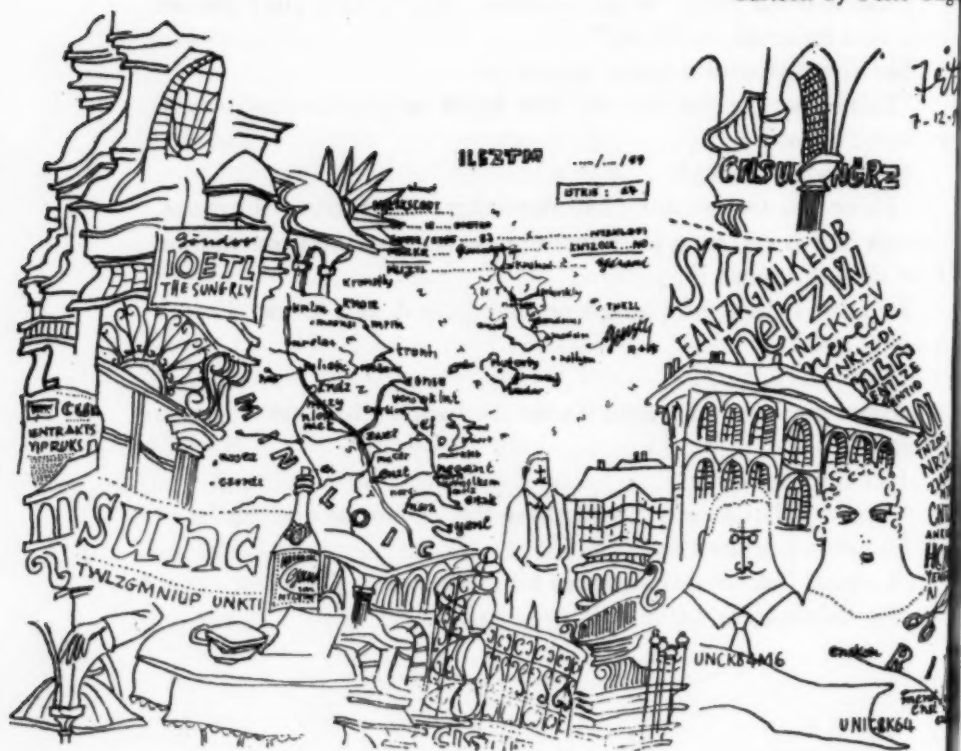
There was a resigned expression in her eyes—dry, bitter, dark.

"Look, if you do anything foolish . . ."

She did not reply. She threw the crumpled piece of paper into the fire.

From without came Ali's roar: "Najiye, my coffee!"

Cartoon by Ferit Öngü



Haney Must Live

TAHSİN YÜCEL

Translated by Özcan Başkan

HANEY is dead. But I say with all my might, "She will live! She must live!" But what I have in mind when I say this is not the resurrection, the other world, the things like heaven and hell. Ever since I came to know myself I have never cared about this kind of thing. I have had enough of it in this world; the problems in this world have been more than enough for me. It would have been stupidity to try to solve the problems I knew I would never solve. What I have in mind is something different. When I say, "Haney must live!" I mean something else. I mean she should live in people's talk, in their minds, as songs, as books do. Everybody should talk about her, should praise her. She is that kind of woman, she deserves it. We should make up to her for what we have done. We just have not been able to appreciate her truly.

A few years before she died, Ali Riza had said something. Don't you remember? Many of you were over there. None of us had anything to say in particular. We were watching people passing by. They were playing backgammon and dominoes at the other tables, and Uluk Osman was sipping his drink way back at the end of the shack. He was drinking and he kept cussing by himself. Right then Haney was passing in front of the coffee house. I remember it as if it were yesterday. Her feet were all black with dirt, were cracked all over as usual, and they were all calloused, the skin was like a hide. As usual, she was wearing her wide, blue trousers. She was in rags and her clothes were covered with patches in various colors. She had a dirty rag wrapped around her head—when she died she must have had these dirty rags on. Ali Riza was moved by Haney's condition. Ali Riza did not think of her so much as I did, but he was a kind-hearted fellow all the same, he was humane. "Shame on you, fellows!" he had said. "Just take a look at Haney. You should be

ashamed of yourselves! Should she walk about like this? She's done something for all of us! In a way she has brought us up. And what we do now is forget about it all, and smile while she passes by. Is this fair?"

Yes, that is exactly what he had said. "We've all grown up," he had continued, "and we've all got an occupation. We can all afford to lose a couple of bucks in a single game, and not give a damn about it. Suppose each of us gives five bucks, Haney will have a better life, she'll have some comfort during her last days. Come on boys, let's get something done. I'll put up the first five bucks." You had all laughed as if it were something stupid. I do not want to make a point of it, but I was the only one who did not laugh. There was also Ali Riza. There was nothing to laugh about, the boy was dead right.

She was a good woman, may her soul rest in peace! Do not laugh at me as you did at Ali Riza. Do not say, "She wouldn't be a whore if she were good!" Forget that nonsense! Remember that many whores have got themselves apartment houses through their occupation. Do not forget that some of them earn in a single night more than we can in a whole year. And remember that they are sometimes liked and respected more than we are. Is Haney's case more startling than all these? Well, let me tell you something. Whores get better the cheaper they are. Haney was just as nice as she was cheap. Do not say, "She would earn nothing if she weren't cheap enough." Do not say that, because you know damn well that she would. She could have easily increased the fee from a dime to a quarter, and even to a good buck. But she just did not do it. When the prices went up she was the only one remained reasonably cheap. She just did not want to deny the boys the right to visit. So she just increased the fee from a dime to fifteen cents. She became obliged to get some odd jobs to make ends meet. She carried water to houses, and that kind of thing. She did all this for our sake. But we just have not been able to repay all this; we just have not been able to reward all she did for us . . .

Some of us did not even take her death seriously, and some of us even laughed at her death. But it is no joking matter. Yesterday death found her, but tomorrow it might reach you. It might get you some day, you might find yourself in its grip. Death is no laughing

matter, you cannot make fun of death. Especially not of this kind of death; not of the death of such a person. Do not forget the past old days. Just try to remember when you were ten, twelve, or fifteen. In those days, none of you would call her, "That hillbilly hussy!" You were not disgusted with her age, her dirtiness and ugliness, nor with her pock-marked face. When her name came up, all the eyes would open wide, all the bodies would quiver. You would all give up the game, go to a corner and talk about Haney. Once the talk started about Haney, it would go on and on. Haney was what you most wanted to get in those days.

Just remember those nights! Or have you forgotten them? I will bet many of you suddenly woke up in the middle of the night, and lay wide awake until dawn, thinking of Haney all the while. I hope you will excuse me for saying this, but in our town, mother, father, boys and girls all sleep in twos or threes in beds spread on the floor. Everything happens in this same room. In our town even a five year old kid knows all about it. Older ones surely know a lot better. I am sure all of you suddenly woke up in the middle of the night when your future brothers and sisters were conceived in your mothers' wombs. How could you have thought of someone else but Haney at such a time? Are you sure you did not stretch yourselves in the beds, thinking of Haney?

And the feast days! How about the feast days? Did you forget all about those feast days? Everybody would wake up even before the cocks started crowing. Everybody would wait impatiently for dawn. One would say, "I wish it were dawn already." Another would say, "I hope the morning is near at hand." Then the horizon would get brighter, and soon afterwards the call to prayer would be heard. Blankets would then be thrown aside, and the mothers would make the kids perform their ablutions. Children would then go to the mosque with their fathers for the holiday service. Kids would grow restless if the hodja kept on preaching. It would look as if the sermon would never come to an end. But the sermon would be finished soon, so would the service. Then the kids would rush back home. Eating rice with chopped meat, they would dash out. They would call on houses, and kiss the hands of the elders. When they were given money in return they would be delighted. It would

not matter if the sum was big or not. What was important was that it should come to fifteen cents. The money would be counted for this purpose again and again. What was all this about, don't you remember? How is it that you cannot remember? Is it possible to think of the feast days of our childhood and not to remember kissing hands and Haney? Well, Haney would actually add something to those feast days.

Don't you remember how you would walk up and down in front of her house, or rather her henhouse? You would give anything just to be able to go in there. Feast days were of course different. Anybody making fifteen cents would rush to Haney's door. One would think there was an amusement park in front of the house. The whole crowd would look like a beehive. You could not walk about easily for the crowd. It really was a problem to be able to get in. Bigger boys would scare the little kids away. Lots of brawls would occur. Haney did not like brawls, she never liked them. She would then get angry, and she would say, "That's enough for today. I'm tired, you'd better come tomorrow." Then people would start begging, they just could not leave her door. A mere day would look as though it were a lifetime. Finally they somehow would manage to convince her. When she saw people begging she would suddenly yield. Not that she cared much about money, but because she was soft-hearted, because she liked everybody so much. You know it, she would not accept anybody else except children. The grown-ups would never be able to get into that dark room however hard they might have tried . . .

This dark room gave some color to many of your dreams. It was in this same dark room that you saw what you were most anxious to see. She would treat you nicely in her room, but one would still feel dizzy when he got in. Haney would try to make you as little self-conscious as possible. All the same, you would still feel giddy when you went out. When you breathed the fresh air you would feel as if you had been born again. That was exactly what Haney wanted, I have no doubt about it. The village boys had fancy ideas about the thing. They thought it was something fantastic. Haney wanted to show them that it was not something strange after all. To show this to the boys was her only aim. In spite of feeling happy

once they were out of the dark room, and in spite of feeling seasick in the dark room, there were many who visited her again. But there were also many others who felt that it was useless, and it was stupid to try it again.

That is why Haney is so great, why she should be exalted. That is the reason why I keep saying, "Haney must live!" Really, she must live! In a stinking and disgusting room, with her repulsive smell, with her rags, with her pock-marked face, her calloused hands, and with her leathery feet, and with all her ugliness, dirtiness, and finally with her shamelessness, she actually tried to show men what a woman really is. She cried, "Open your eyes, you fools!" And this she did, not in words but in actions. She spent all her lifetime on showing this. So, this woman must live! She did not lower herself as many "great men" or politicians did. She did not boast about what she did. She did not try to show that what she did was important. Whatever she did, she did without self-importance, as if it were all as easy as eating a sandwich.

So, this woman must live! We should be ashamed of it. Because when she died on a cold winter night her body had to stay in that dark room, because she had to be buried without a shroud. We should be ashamed, because we did not provide a shroud for her. So we should do something in return. We should try to keep Haney living, keep her living as long and as much as we can. We should never stop calling her name. To those passionate lovers who make use of knives, to those who cannot afford a woman, and to the growing adolescents, we should try to teach what this woman with a philosophical bent tried to prove during all her lifetime.



Ink sketch by Metin Eloğlu.

Ten Poems from the Book Named *Strange*¹

Birds and Clouds

OKTAY RIFAT—ORHAN VELI

Translated by F. Engin

Uncle bird-seller!
We have our birds,
And our tree.
You give us clouds only
A cent's worth.

Like Our Hands

MELIH CEVDET ANDAY

Translated by F. Engin

As animals cannot speak
Who knows how beautifully they think,
Just like our hands!
Oh, before beginning to read
One should water the flowers.

¹ See Karpat essay (pp. 289-292).

The Dead

MELİH CEVDET ANDAY

Translated by F. Engin

He is alone now.
No mother, no father,
No hat, no suit.
He left everything behind.
Not a friend to speak to,
Not a book to read.
Alone,
All alone.

To Be a Guest

MELİH CEVDET ANDAY

Translated by F. Engin

Let me go and be a guest somewhere,
Let them make a bed for me so clean,
Forgetting everything, even my name,
Let me sleep.

Bread and Stars

OKTAY RIFAT

Translated by Özdemir Nutku and F. Engin

Bread on my lap
Stars very far away
I eat my bread gazing at the stars
So lost in thoughts that sometimes
I eat a star by mistake
Instead of the bread

Hic Jacet I

ORHAN VELI

Translated by Hilary Sumner-Boyd

He suffered from nothing in the world
As much as he suffered from corns;
Not even that he had been created ugly
Was as bitter to him as this;
When his shoes did not torment him
He never mentioned the name of God;
Yet was he not numbered among the wicked.
It was a pity about Süleyman Efendi.

Hic Jacet III

ORHAN VELI

Translated by Spiro K. Kostof

They put his gun away,
They gave his clothes to someone else;
No more crumbs in his bag,
No lip-marks on his canteen.
Such a wind it was
That it carried him off—
Not even his name was left as a remembrance.
Only these two lines remained
Handwritten on the wall of the tavern:
"Death is an ordinance of God;
Would there were no parting."

Fate

OKTAY RIFAT

Translated by Mina Urgan

What a dark fate is mine!
I know nothing about counting,
I am an accountant.
The dish I like best is stuffed egg plants,
It doesn't agree with me.
I know a girl with freckles,
I love her,
She doesn't love me.

Illusion

ORHAN VELI

Translated by F. Engin

I am free from an old love;
All the women are pretty now;
My shirt is new,
I am washed,
Shaved;
Peace is settled.
It's spring.
The sun shines.
I am out in the street, people are at ease;
I am at ease.

The Tree

ORHAN VELİ—OKTAY RİFAT

Translated by F. Engin

I threw a stone to the tree;
 My stone didn't fall,
 My stone didn't fall.
 The tree ate my stone;
 I want my stone,
 I want my stone!

Two Poems by Asaf Halet Celebi

Translated by F. Engin

Sidharta¹

niyagrodha
 a huge tree i see
 in a tiny seed
 it's neither a tree nor a seed
om mani padme hum (three times)
 sidharta buddha
 i am a fruit
 my tree is the world
 neither a tree
 nor a fruit
 i melt in a sea
om mani padme hum (three times)

¹ The italicized Sanskrit words have no meaning in Turkish.

Mariyya
(To Maria Barbas of Lisboa)

lisboa
 boa
 you black-haired woman
 mariyya
 tell me a tale
 how didn't the blood come off the stone
 who was dead
 mariyya
 i know not the dead
 this is a song
 lisboa
 i am a song
 i came from the atlas seas
 waves in front of me
 waves behind
 when waves end
 i too end

THE ÇİFTETELLİ DANCER
 print by Aliye Berger



More Poems by Orhan Veli

To Be Sad

Translated by Anıl Meriçelli

I might have got angry
With those I love
If love
Hadn't taught me
To be sad.

The Journey

Translated by Spiro K. Kostof

The willow tree is beautiful
But when our train
Has reached the last station
I would rather be
The river
Than the willow.

Morning

Translated by Spiro K. Kostof

I hold my hand, like a many-branched tree,
Over the water of a lake,
And I watch the clouds
While a camel runs, runs, runs through the tumult
To reach the horizon
Before the sun is up.

Gossip

Translated by Hilary Sumner-Boyd

Who is it says
I've been smitten with Süheylâ?
Who says he saw me—but who?—
Kissing Eleni
In Step Street, in broad daylight?
Do they say that I took Melâhat too and
That afterwards we went to the movie? Do they?
I'll explain that later, but
Whose leg do they say I pressed in the tram?
It's as if we kept running to Galata brothels,
Getting utterly tight,
And there caught our breath.
Skip them, fellows, skip them,
Skip these items;
I know what I'm doing.
Oh, so now it's that story of throwing Muallâ
Into a boat and making her sing, "In my soul your sorrow"!

I Buy Old Things

Translated by F. Engin

I buy old things
Buy and make them stars
Music is the soul's food
I love music
I write poetry
I write poetry and buy old things
I give old things and buy music
I wish I were a fish in a bottle of raki

One Gets Crazy . . . ¹

Translated by F. Engin

One gets crazy about this world,
This night, these stars, this smell,
This tree in blossom from top to toe.

Remembering

Translated by F. Engin

The knife-scar on my forehead
Is because of you;
My cigarette box is your keepsake;
"Come, even if you are in straits," says
Your telegram;
How can I ever forget you,
My licensed darling?²

Poem with Tweezers

Translated by Mihrican Özdemir

Neither the atomic bomb,
Nor the London Conference;
Tweezers in one hand,
Mirror in the other,
What does she care about the world!

¹ Original poem untitled.

² Literally: "licensed prostitute."

I Am Listening to Istanbul

Translated by Spiro K. Kostof and F. Engin

I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed;
First a wind blows lightly;
And gently the leaves flutter
On the trees;

Far, very far away,
The never ending bells of water-carriers;
I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed.

I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed;
Birds are passing by;
High above, in flocks, crying.
Nets are being drawn in fish-traps;
A woman's feet touch the water;
I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed.

I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed;
Cool, so cool Kapalı Çarşı;
Peeping, twittering Mahmutpaşa;
Courtyards full of pigeons.
Hammer sounds I hear from the docks;
Sweaty smells in the lovely spring breeze;
I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed.

I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed;
Still drunk in remembrance of old drinking bouts,
A seashore residence with its dim boat-houses;
Amid the sighing of hushed south winds
I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed.

I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed;
A gal trots by on the sidewalk;
Oaths, songs, ballads, impudent taunts.
Something falls from her hand to the ground;
It must be a rose;
I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed.

I am listening to İstanbul, my eyes closed;
A bird flutters in your skirt;
Is your brow warm or not, I know;
Are your lips wet or not, I know;
A white moon rises behind the trees,
I know it from the beating of your heart;
I am listening to İstanbul.

Gratis

Translated by F. Engin

Gratis we live, gratis;
Air gratis, cloud gratis;
Hills and valleys gratis;
Rain and mud gratis;
The outside of motor cars,
Doors of movie houses,
Shop windows gratis;
If not cheese and bread
Hard water gratis;
Freedom may cost a head,
Slavery gratis;
Gratis we live, gratis.

For This Country

Translated by Anıl Meriçelli

What haven't we done for this country!
Some of us died;
Some of us gave speeches.

More Poems by Oktay Rifat

Translated by Nermin Menemencioglu

Fadik and the Bird

Fadik girl Fadik
Look at the bird look
Filtering down the sky
Are you a bird elderbrother
Or the devil's kite or what
Looks like fun up there
Same down here
For cat
For dog
For cock and hen
The tree is on fire with pink and green
You'd think it festival day
Field and meadow are mad as a hatter
The black earth a painted carpet
Fadik girl Fadik girl
Fling sandal and stocking away
Walk
Once said was enough for Fadik
Walk she did
Along and about
Up hill and down dale
Sucking a dead-nettle
Blowing her nose
Goosy goosy gander
Where shall I wander
Until she reached a tree
A big tree

Three men could not embrace
Thick as my waist its branches
And green its leaves
Lo what a green
Call it black if you like
The tree spoke

Fadik
Yes tree
Are you hungry Fadik
Yes tree
Yes

Twisting her tongue
Over the s's
In her eagerness

The tree asked

What do you eat Fadik
In your village
We eat bread
What else
Dried curds
What else
Beets
What else
What else why bread

The tree was angry

Look here Fadik
Tell the truth
What else do you eat
In the village
What about plums
Do you eat plums
We does

The tree saw red

Look here you little bastard
You eat meat at the village
We does
You eat pies at the village
We does
That's right now come to heel
We does
You eat spaghetti at the village
We does we doesn't we does
Woe

The tree extracting a root from the soil
Gave Fadik a kick in the bottom
Like a balloon in the sky
Soared Fadik
But bless him the bird
You know the one
The above-mentioned feathered vertebrate
Caught Fadik in his beak
And before you could say squawk
Had winged his way full seven leagues into the sky
Behold there was Paradise
A crowd up there thick as thieves
No room for a pin to drop
You'd think it had the laborers' coffee house
At Çukurova
Only more genteel like
The walls of milk pudding
The boy slaves like unto the full moon
Forty-nine proof nectar running in rivers
Grilled liver galore
Some laugh there
Some speak
Some turn toward the Lord's mercy
As they quaff the final cup
In one word goings on
One of the elect spoke

Do you eat liver in your village
We does
Stuffed turkey
We does
Libido
We does
Mr. Pickwick
We does
Eenie meenie minie mo
We does
Well what about thing
Do you eat thing
We does
Liquorice root
We does
Corncobs
We does
Dream city
We does we doesn't we does

A kick in Fadik's bottom
Drive your camels camel—driver up the hill
Rose-like breasts in milk-white bosoms shake to spill
Blessings on the afore-mentioned bird
All of a sudden bang
Once again to earth
Fadik
Her two eyes like unto fountains
Straight home
The bird
Like until the devil's kite again to climb
Complaining bitterly as it rises
Into the air

Song of Freedom

Go on with you, you
Traitor to your country, you
Dirty dog
There's freedom in this country, freedom
Freedom in Yenışehir
Freedom in Kavaklıdere
Freedom inside and freedom outside
Come freedom go freedom
Blue-eyed freedom in the love street

Split a watermelon in the belly
Out comes freedom
Bite into an apple from Gümüşhane
Freedom on your tongue
Freedom in your nose
Are not your ears free, your ears
Freedom in the ears
Freedom for the birds the chickens the flies
The flies of this country
The intellectuals of this country
The flies of this country are free
The intellectuals of this country are free
Look at Ali Bey
He goes to the barber of his choice
And gets a nice haircut
Who would presume to interfere
The fellow is free
He is a free son of a bitch
Now as to our Black Memiş
Let us not begin to discuss Black Memiş
That rascal too is free
I tell you he is
Free with his lice
Free with his malaria
His fresh young wife running to the plough

Is free upon the cracked earth
Free underneath the blue sky
Blue sky my heart and bowels
This freedom is too much
Send us in your mercy
A freedom without lice
Without malaria
Well-fed like the landlord's oxen
Ripe like the young bride's breasts
Send us freedom
Shaped for us
Cut to our size.

From *The Fringed Street*

I

In the bundle of the clouds
The sweet-smelling doves of the sky
Madden the man-eyed cats
The bare-foot moon is born in wells
On the telegraph-wires hang the carcasses of ships

IX

While fish thrash the darkness
The sky gently flies
Toward the old and battered sea-gulls
The worn blue coat of the sky
Begins to bleed

XXV

The wind blew black
Night fell
The sea went into its nest upon the roofs
The fish is now alone within its tent

XXXI

Smell of lilac guarding the corner
Let go my collar that I may walk away

More Poems by Melih Cevdet Anday

I Can't Get Used

Translated by F. Engin

How strange is this world
I can't get used to the sea,
To the continents, to the human voice.
Every day I think of them all anew.
It is the truth if I tell you
That I can't get used
To my hands.

The Map of the Sky

(To Sabahattin Eyüboğlu)

Translated by İlyas Halil

Look here, soul,
Remember if I die
You are never to fly to the sky
The Great Bear, the Little Bear,
The Scorpio, the snake, the scolopendra,
The Bull, the ox . . .
They are all up there.
I warn you.

The Seed

(To Samim Akseş)

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

Full tilt harbinger of early summer
From below from the tenuous the white
Warm seed of the curling smoke
Wind through the black earth wind
Come to the surface bright seed

O strength that I'd give my life for
That knows neither mountain nor stone
Disclose your fair face disclose
First look all green at the world
Then give us yellow laughter

Let each grain bedeck itself adorn
Unravished virgin of mottled henna
The fields a fountain free to all
Give my lovely give my fair one give
For love of the old for love of the poor

With time I have sensed the difference
The full-grown plant is other than the seed
What's in this small stray bullet what
A tree all spangled with crimson
Or couch-grass or an ear of wheat?

Who can tell what is in a closed box
But the cloud is a rain-cloud
It is coming it is blackening now
The seed down below is gasping for breath
Ears filled with the sounds of thunder.

Rot

Translated by Nermin Menemencioglu

The acacia tree smells of acacia
 In the garden there is the smell of roses and manure
 The passing car smells of petrol
 The woman in the car smells of perfume
 A pungent perfume hers
 What does the man who smells her perfume smell of
 He smells of raki
 The boys and girls smell of sweat
 The open wounds of the wounded smell
 And the wounds to be opened of the healthy
 The hands the eyes the hearts of people smell
 Their breath smells of hunger
 Their rotting teeth skin brains smell
 The things they write and the things they read smell
 Their feelings thoughts their voices words smell
 The more they rot the more they smell
 Books newspapers magazines advertisements posters letters smell
 Friendships love affairs smell
 The rooms that haven't been aired smell
 The rooms that have been aired smell
 Hallways smell houses smell apartmenthouses smell
 Neighborhoods cities countries continents smell
 The more they rot the more they smell
 They smell of corpse my friend
 Can you not tell
 They smell they smell they smell they smell

Hiroshima

Translated by F. Engin

Grandpa, pa, and I,
 The little boy, the girl, the bridegroom . . .
 We came one by one,
 But all in a body we go.

Poems by Cahit Sıtkı Tarancı

Let Not the Day Away From My Window Live

Translated by Berent Enç

Neither have I power over the day born,
Nor is there a soul to understand my plight;
Oh, death comes to my mind forlorn;
Then this bird, this garden, this light.

And to its God says the soul,
"No fear have I of the distress you give;
Every suffering I accept, only
Let not the day away from my window live!"

Since it is Evening Now

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

Since it is evening now
And I've no roof for cover
And none to love or greet me
When day is over
Then bring my cup along
And let the raki flow,
My friend, my joy, my song
Since it is evening now

The Artist's Death

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

The winds of springs are gone beyond
Recall, the songs half sung remain,
The gardens everywhere are locked,
And now, God has the key again.

Death has dealt its blow once more,
No fruit, no blossom on the tree,
The honeycomb dries in the sun,
The honey still within the bee.

Frightfully Nice

Translated by Manfred Bormann

And at this age how it can hurt one
When holding a glass your hands trembling
When one could go in time like Orhan¹
Is is worth your idling

More used than to drink and tobacco
Are we to a frightfully nice thing
Holding us and not letting us go
Just until we're dying

¹ Orhan Veli

Poems by Ziya Osman Saba

Translated by Engin Cezzar

In Hock

We shall give all of it back
Our body of so many years
Hand limb and foot
Our kissing lips
The green of our eyes
The blue
From head to toe
Its bone its skin
Man woman young or old
Sooner or later
In a casket all of it

I Accept

I have come to live
I accept
The tint of my eye
My milk-white hand
I accept
With woman with man
To walk the dust
I accept
I accept to turn to dust
The frown
The boneless tongue
Beaten hungry
Slave to man
Henchman to Lord
Oh you continents waters
Domeful of skies
I accept I accept I accept

Books

RİFAT ILGAZ

Translated by F. Engin

The day I'll rent a place with three rooms,
my books will be freed
from the sugar box under the stairs.
And some day maybe,
I'll have a private library with carpets.
While I am being spoken of
first the number of my books will be mentioned,
then my salary . . .
And I away from everything,
will lose myself among my books!
When I am out
"He is busy!" my smiling maid shall say to those
who call on me.
And another day at my desk
as I seem to read my thickest book
my guests will come in . . .
At my dearest friend even
looking absent-mindedly
I'll ask his name!
As I take my glasses off
to an old childhood friend of mine,
"Where did we meet,
your face is familiar," I shall say;
no one will laugh at my reverie.
If they ask about world affairs,
looking at the pictures of great men on the walls
I'll read lines from Plato.

Poems by Bedri Rahmi Eyuboglu

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

In the Garden of My Eyes

In the garden of my eyes visions curl like smoke
At the fountain of my eyes rows of birds are drinking
In the courtyard of my eyes the pond that overflows
The light that spills over all gilt and spangles
In the core of my eyes the pigeons have nested
Behind my eyes the djinns go patter patter
In the dome of my eyes the crystal that peals
On the windows of my eyes the rain that rains
In the Paradise of my eyes the spring that laughs
Behind my eyes what?

To Sleep

To sleep
Sinking into the self that always waits
Like a comfortable armchair in the corner
Wound up like a ball in the middle of a brilliant day
Not waiting for the evening's alms to be cast before me
For night to be sold at auction to the skies
Nor hanging sleep like a bag of cats around my neck

To sleep
Resting my head on the knees of a summer noon
Stretching my feet toward slumber

Full of blue pebbles translucent deep

To sleep

Opening my dreams at the place of my desire

Closing them at the time that I desire

Following the self that fades as though it were the fleeting crane

To sleep

Stretching full length in the middle of skies

That smell of yellow roses

Dropping the fragment of blue sky caught behind my eyelids

Drop by drop into the darkness in my head

Sadness

The songs are over

The dances have stopped

Red blood, blue blood are silent

One by one the gardens are frozen still

The fruit in clusters turns to stone

A cloud was flying

Vagabond free

It burns to ash

Sadness now takes the seat of honor

My heart is weary weary

The tree grows I cannot pursue it

The caravan passes I cannot follow

I cannot reach the shooting star

Though I should fly

Sadness now takes the seat of honor

My heart is weary

Poems by Fazıl Husnu Daglarca

To My God

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

The skies are far, as they always are,
I state these facts: the stars are gone,
The people have begun to work
And there is the rising sun.

Waters are luminous again,
Light travels through the leaves aloft,
Like yesterday, the flowers bloom,
The ever-present wind turns soft.

Once more night's malediction flees,
Houses their well-known air regain,
The sea returns to blue, and ships
Depart upon their course again.

Through window-drapes, like a salute,
Time without end begins to spill,
The ears of corn proceed to grow,
The soldiery goes off to drill.

The skies are far, as they always are,
I state: the birds are fleeting.
Behind the deepest silences
My heart has stopped its beating.

From *Cakir's Epic*

Translated by Nermin Menemencioglu

I, a Turk, a light and a darkness,
I, between valiant mountains grown
To manhood, killed at war, oppressed
For whom sons and mothers mourn.

The endless humming of the mind,
Heroic, and luckless, in the sky.
And ships, great ships upon the sea
Where wounded soldiers lie.

A farmer makes his black field talk
With ears of corn;
A fluteless shepherd's night grows big
With stars, with rights unborn.

Paupers, sprinkle your dream a little
With health, with the light of noon.
Patients, remembering the taste of things, dip
Into your bowls with untrembling spoon.

The servants of God are always right,
Always beautiful, good.
Where faiths are silent, the godless stand
In listening mood.

Our world is a fragment of worlds beyond,
All night, the pain is here.
And I am a fragment of you, people—
It is clear.

On the golden scales of the world I gave
My weight in love—call,
Youths of far-off lands,
I've stretched my aerials all.

Birth

Translated by Spiro K. Kostof

In the blind sleep of gigantic leaves
Out of a lofty pain
Sure she'll give birth
When night is great in time
And when earth and stone
And water and grass and fire are great
Sure she the negress of African woods
Will give birth to a pitch-black flesh
And the pitch-black flesh will move and in its palms
All of a sudden freedom will move

The Other Side

Translated by Spiro K. Kostof

I waved my hands I cried
My hunger I thought I'd tell them a little
My thirst a little
My loneliness I thought I'd tell them
Through a host of years
Night after night
And for days I carried the burden on my back like a man
I waved my hands I cried
They saw me not they heard me not

Belief

Translated by Ünal Boduroğlu

Even though most humans are poor
Most humans are dirty
Most humans are shameless
Even though most humans are thieves
You can't fool me!
This is not the world

Asu

Translated by Talât Sait Halman

The guilt of Âsû loomed huge as the sky
Âsû had hurled a rock at the sun
Along the song of the unknown
Out of the age of the unknown

Hungry and sleepness and sick
Under his skin lurked the breath of devils
A wicked light
And in the air the filigree of writhing trees

His god he profaned
Âsû Âsû
Burn on the pyre burn on the pyre
Âsû Âsû

So surfeited were they once upon a time
That the warmth endures from belly to belly
They were eagle-stuffed and serpent-stuffed
Wind-stuffed and star-stuffed and flame-stuffed

The levity of life is destiny indelible
May the demons slumber hue by hue
And the scarlet ornaments of the lips
Sprawl towards parables

From the beat of the wooden drums
Âsû Âsû
The greens and the reds and the yellows
Âsû Âsû

The dance of terror
Mingled in the agony of bygone races
The pitiful softness of the flesh
Rests in peace on the engraved stones

The root in the ground
Blows into horns that black blood of sorcery

A bare drunkenness from the barest sleep
And the escape of the prey

Man's might to god's grandeur

Âsû Âsû

Echoes from hill to hill from man to man

Âsû Âsû

His eyes rolled and all white

His breast burst open from fright

The whole clan a fire the whole clan death

Stark-naked the whole clan

Endlessly hungry and sleepless and sick

Yet his hands drop

Âsû's life never glitters

But his corpse does

Earth's solitude banishes all light

Âsû Âsû

Your own darkness loves you alone

Âsû Âsû



The Yogurt-Vendor
Comes Home, print
by Aliye Berger.

Poems by İlhan Berk

Coffee House

Translated by Mina Urgan

Why don't they talk,
The tramps who with their foreheads
Steal the coldness out of the marble-topped tables?
Why do they love looking at the city through the glass panes?
Why do they wash with raki in their dreams,
Splashing themselves all over?
And why does the old fisherman,
Looking at the ships stuck on the wall,
See every evening the drunk fish rush at the city?
And why does a captain think always
Of his sailors?

Love

Translated by Doğan Türker

When you were here, we knew no such thing as evil
Unhappiness and misfortunes were not in living.
Without you, they have lined up the hope with darkness
And they have crossed out our soundness, without you.
For so long the sea has ceased being beautiful through a window
For so long our humaneness has ceased shining through our lack
of you.

Come and take us to new times.

Bel Canto

Translated by Doğan Türker

Prologue

The streets woke up, saying strange they woke up. The mussels were in slumber, in slumber a child's mouth was. The plain bonito, lump-fish, gilt-head, sea-hog, cat fish, red gurnard were awake, in slumber the red gurnard, cat fish, sea-hog, gilt-head, lump-fish, plain bonito were. İlya Avgiri's cat looked and saw that Hiristaki's shop was flooded by fish, a plate still sleeps, a fork sleeps, and Koço's face resembling Jesus sleeps,

What did İlya Avgiri's cat do

It opened the window

And the entire Beyoğlu woke up.

A girl holding her breasts with her hands got up

A child laughed.

Avgiri raised all the shutters,

And seeing fish in and out everywhere Avgiri

Went down to Karaköy to take a walk.

İlya Avgiri's cat seeing the morning

Seeing it would not come

Went out to İstiklâl Avenue

And yawned and yawned and yawned.

Pablo Picasso

Translated by Doğan Türker

l'homme au mouton

On earth a lonely cloud a lonely branch a light

A sky a flower, water's eternity, water's love, yearning, the feeling
of happiness

A little hope a little light a little morning ahead

All separately, all separately beautiful all separately alone all separately
separately akin

Were going in vain

Picasso grabbed the brush.

nu au fauteuil noir

A tree that the window sees
 Just about to blossom
 Those of the armchair: eyes hands hair
 The eyes the hands the hair by themselves
 The woman looks up at the sky
 She moves none speaks none but looks
 Looks and says the sky does not look like to end by looking
 The window says I shall not stand like this again
 Neither blues nor blacks say mind you we shall not stand like this
 again
 This is what we expect in this world once in a while that the poets
 speak of once in a while
 We shall stand like this say the hands
 Nobody will try to move us again
 The hair says I shall remain like this
 First is this happiness they say we see everything for the first time
 All that is in the room the stove the mirror all like this all standing
 in a corner like this
 Say this.
 All say something
 All look at something
 Picasso only at them.

nature-morte

Picasso woke up
 His hands dark.

Galata Tower

Translated by Doğan Türker

İlhan Berk tells the dreams of Galata Tower

A tower I am in İstanbul. One morning I set İstanbul on fire.
 First I burned the street she dwelt. Still persist in my remembrance
 a child, a half undressed woman, an evening in my remembrance. I
 burned the birds, I burned the trees, we know the birds and the

trees as unburnable, do we not? I burned them. I saw her mouth not to be exchanged for the worlds. Her mouth kept reminding me of rivers, shops, suns, trains, streets, market-places. Her arms set the hot rivers on fire all night, all night we were like we were not on earth.

Perhaps we were in the mornings İvi's hand had not touched yet I was saying so.

Let us plant the flowers I said
It is enough the sea's being rolled up
I unrolled the sea.

(I took the sons of Ahmet II, and we went to see the sky of Leylâ Hanım, the poetess.)

Songs for One Who Has Gone Away¹

CAHİT İRGAT

Translated by Mina Urgan

I

A wind that smelt of melons blew that morning,
Blowing from the fruits in the fruit-piled barges;
Clouds fell over the city,
Evil songs were whispered from ear to ear.
But still, life tasted like the flesh of a melon that morning.

II

Lads throwing the dice of their own fates,
Their bones cracking under the cringing lights,
Cross-legged, kneeling, lying flat on their bellies,
Raped the pavements of the city.

They shared between them the heritage
Of the proud-eyed condemned
For whose last sleep the gallows is a cradle.

¹ Revision of original translation published in the *New Masses* (October 22, 1946).

III

In your proud eyes,
We have seen good days, and we have seen bad days.
How shall we forget the alleys?
The whores of the city mothered us.
With them, on the naked terraces of sweaty streets
We have possessed the earth and the air and the sea.

IV

The laughter of children under the bridges,
The laughter of children over the asphalt,
Shot a defiant gun at the skies.
And a wind that smelt of melons blew that morning,
Everything was just where it ought to be,
Not a leaf had fallen from the branch.
And we prepared songs for the victory that comes with the morning,
With the melon wind we sent greetings
To the friendly palms of the hands that hold the guns.

V

They have swept away your shadow from the streets,
They have flung the evening after you like mud,
And the city is dizzy with longing.
Bursting with rage we wave good-bye to the ships that set sail,
With the sea-eyed children whose hands smell of the sea
We throw stones at the waves.

VI

You went with the melon wind,
With the melon wind come back.
We cannot live without you in this city.

The War of the Houses

BEHÇET NECATİGİL

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

Puniness is a defect
Houses abhor.
Our houses wage against us
A deadly war.

Each day they send us abroad:
Go, get!
The commanded bread is won
With sweat.

The little houses crush
As mountains might,
They pull the rope about our necks,
A leaden weight.

Inexplicable fury
That nothing sates:
With the inanimate, against
The animate.

Kitchen pot and dining table
Conspire together;
One keeps boiling what melts away
At the other.

Every object enters the fray
On the houses' side;
Pipes burst, window panes break,
Open your purse wide!

Cloth and leather juxtapose
Their treacherous share:
Scarce bought, they begin to show
Signs of wear.

The larder's enmity
Is not less mean—
Gone the butter, soap, sugar,
The gasoline.

A snake stretches out in the sun:
Light a fire! The room wails.
Refuse to obey if you can,
Cold winter prevails.

Puniness is a defect
Houses abhor.
Our houses wage against us
A deadly war.

Where to Sleep

A. KADİR

Translated by Sumru Erel

A boy spoke to himself:
"Where to sleep tonight?
Where to sleep tonight?"

İstanbul was asleep, İstanbul was all dark.

A boy spoke to himself:
"Where to sleep tonight?
Where to sleep tonight?"

Poems by Cahit Kulebi

From *Ataturk in the War of Independence*

Translated by Güzin Berkmen

A land stretches
From Edirne to Ardahan
White-winged doves
Fly over this land
From Ardahan to Edirne
From Edirne to Ardahan

There is a fountain in Kopdağ
The water no thicker than your small finger
It flows on and on
Sleepless of night
Restless of day

The houses in Samsun
Overlook the sea
Its streets are moss-clad
Vessel and barge
Roll like many a marble ball
Over the surface of the sea
Up and down they roll

I loved a wench from İstanbul
Boy! Is she some trouble

The trains crossing
The bridge at Savaştepe
Flood down to İzmir
The girls in İzmir are like the sea
The sea like a girl
Its streets smell both of the girls, of the sea.

There is a sweet-scented tree
In the south
Its round leaves are frail
When basked under the summer sun
Its branches yield honey

This land is our land
The mad spirit forever soars
Like the white winged bird
Flies away
From Ardahan to Edirne
From Edirne to Ardahan

Istanbul

Translated by Sumru Erel

Trucks carried melons and I
Thought of her all the time,
Trucks carried melons and I
Thought of her all the time,
When in Niksar at home
I was free as a little sparrow.

Then the world changed of a sudden
Another water, another air, another soil.
Then the world changed of a sudden
Another water, another air, another soil.
How quickly did the seasons pass
Forget, forget, forget.

Now I know this city is different
Everyone deceived me and was gone,
Now I know this city is different
Everyone deceived me and was gone,
Trucks still carry melons

But in me the song is over.

To Guillaume Apollinaire

Translated by Nermin Menemencioglu

Are there two planes, Guillaume, in the skies of Paris?
Do the past days battle against the days to come?
Are you on board the sombre one, the black?
And is it me driving the white ahead?

Days go by, and weeks, does time not go by, Guillaume?
Do the loves of the loved of old never return?
Can the Seine flow slowly under Mirabeau Bridge
And men not fall in love?
Where is Lou's auburn hair, where her fine feathers?
She is my grandmother's age now, I know!

In Strasbourg, once, on a Sunday,
You sat down to a meal in a restaurant.
The waitress was enchanting, her little white apron,
Her tiny haunches, her hat, her airs and graces,
You longed to kiss her, fondle her, so you have said!

I was a child when you were in the trenches!
There was no bookshop in my village, Guillaume,
No novels by Dumas, Féval, Eugène Sue to send you
In trunkloads of greetings from one who would like to have sent them.
Guillaume, are the streets of London barred by fog?
How many minaret lengths is the Tour d'Eiffel?
And the girls of Holland with their budding mouths,
Is that the country where kisses are blown by hand?
I do not know those countries at all.

I too love the whirling smell of manure,
Mares replete with their foals, I too love them.
I think of the auburn witch from Bokhara
And wish to die.
When I hold a woman's picture in my hand,
In the evening, I hear distant voices, distant voices,
Then I drink, and drink again, and I sigh.

Two Poems by Orhon M. Arıburnu

Translated by F. Engin

Selim

Seliim Selim
Whose hands are these
Mine
Whose eyes are these
Mine
Good for you Selim

Seliim Selim
Whose mountains are these
Mine
Whose vineyards are these
Mine
Don't Selim

Seliim Selim
Whose flying birds are these
Mine
Whose blowing winds are these
Mine
Are you God Selim

Oooow Selim woooe Selim
Whose human beings are these
Mine
DAMN YOU SELİM

As Long as it Rolls

Hope is the poor man's meat
Eat Mehmet eat
Eat Mehmet eat
Eat Mehmet eat . . .

Autobiography

HASAN ŞİMŞEK

Translated by İlyas Halil

I the person who wrote this verse
The man trying to earn a living
Hasan Şimşek of Tarsus
All alone in this big city
I am living my poor life
Where did you come from Springtime
My clothes are not new
My shoes are not shining
Besides I am in love

Poems by Salah Birsal

House No. 118

Translated by F. Engin

In every room of this house
I have a thought of my own,
And at every window
A girl to observe.

I have read my books in this house.
I have ended my loves in this house.
In this house I first thought
To go on a journey.

I know the people of this house.
I know the room they sit in,
I know the stove.

I knead their bread,
I carry their water,
I take their trays
To the baker.

The people of this house worry
About my thoughts;
That I am a poet
The people of this house know.

The Death of a Poet

Translated by Sumru Erel

No one will believe
That I am killed by a machine-gun
Or separated
From the world;
I had a room in the capital city
Books of poetry
Registration in the University
And friends I had;

I would have fame too
If I had lived.

Spoon Song

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

In their houses people sit
Enthroned at the dining table
Knife and fork in hand

But look at Hacivat gobbling
Stewed fruit at wedding feasts
His cupped hand for implement

Bachelors

Translated by F. Engin

As you sleep in your beds comfortably
Know that the bachelors are all cold
They pass through the street in threes and fives
They walk awkwardly
They shiver
As you sleep in your beds comfortably

Don't be afraid or don't run away from them
Girls when your hands touch theirs
Think that their hearts are beating too
Bachelors withering in loneliness
Bachelors wearing dirty shirts
Bachelors are rotting
You think of that for instance you married misters
You can look at someone as your wife
You can kiss your children when you want
You can even get rid of smells when you wash
I mean none of these can they do
None of these
Bachelors when they feel like it

The Sea Spoke

SABAHATTIN KUDRET AKSAL

Translated by Sumru Erel

I have seen and known myself in human poetry
All the poets longed to speak of me
I the great
The infinite sea
A good friend of mankind
To those who settle at my shores
To those who suffer to those homeless
What songs I have sung with my friendly voice
To so many people living in so many crafts
A home I have been
Fishermen loved my fish
Poets my infinity
Clouds glided over my waters
Every one of them towards a land fit for its desires
I have joined together continents and countries
And leaving everything behind he returned to me at last
My human friend Shelley too
I have consoled him with my waves

Poems by Necati Cumali

Good Morning

(To Nurullah Ataç)

Translated by Sumru Erel

Good morning hens and cocks,
Now I am happy at being alive,
When I wake up early in the morning
You are there;
In the daytime I have my job, my friends,
At night, the stars, my wife;
Good morning hens and cocks!

In Every Tongue

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

In every tongue songs tell the same story
Going home, a house with two rooms, a bride
In the cowboy's tongue a brace horse, a lasso
In the East, in the shepherd's tongue
Fresh bread, fresh cheese

It is always in our hands to be happy
All that we want is this
Land for the peasant, a lasso for the cowboy, and
Before all these things, before everything
Freedom

A Mother

Translated by Nermin Menemencioglu

The woman must have been out washing
A bundle on her arm, her rough hands chapped with soda
Like all Jewish women of her age
She wore a faded black velvet coat
In her looks an expression of complaint, of tiredness

The freckled boy with straight red hair
Unsold newspapers under his arm
Like all small children who are cold
Sniffled, blowing on his hands
Shuffled along in his old shoes
Keeping step with his mother

They went ahead, I behind
One night in March, after eleven
So we walked from Taksim to Tünel
They talked in soft voices to each other
As though a windmill were turning, turning
As though life, very slowly, were flowing
Like turbid, dirty waters
Between the great dark buildings

A Little Place in the Provinces

Translated by Nermin Menemencioglu

In the faces that I remember
Was a strange fear
Whenever I think of them
At the marketplace, in the coffee house
Their faces darken like the waters of a well

The men there are always weary
They work hard earn little speak little

They are always full of anger
For a nod they beat their wives
Lay an ambush shoot a man

All the people I knew there
Looked at the sky with fear
Looked at the sea with fear
Looked at the landlord with fear
Were afraid of God, were afraid of death
Afraid of the gendarmes
Afraid of the government officials

Escaper of Rain

ATTILA İLHAN

Translated by F. Engin

hold my hand or i shall fall
or the stars will fall one by one
if i'm a poet if you know me
if you know that of rain i'm afraid
if you remember my eyes
hold my hand or i shall fall
or the rain will take me will take me along

if you hear a heart-beat at night
it's me running away from the rain
it's me passing by sarayburnu
if it's evening if it's september if i'm wet
if you see me you cannot know me maybe
you get upset and you cry in secret
if i'm alone if i'm mistaken
hold my hand or i shall fall
or the rain will take me will take me along

Poems by Ozdemir Asaf

Translated by Y. Moran

Enemy

Enemy I am,
Made of flesh, of bone, of blood.
Have turned my eyes to your face.
Am looking
Shamelessly.

Enemy I am,
Not your death,
Your laughter desiring,
Telling nice things,
Aspiring.

Nights come one by one.
Your star is bright.
In it is your scarlet, gold, white.
I know,
Yours is the star that's most bright.

Enemy I am,
Made of affection, of love, of lust.
Whose hands are relics of the stone age,
Standing erect,
Staring into your eyes an enemy.

Myth

Each day one day does not pass.

The Armless One's

In my dreams what daggers I have flung.
All struck.

Sixth Day

On those nights I was dying to tell,
You were not there.

The Difficult

Some day,
If they say, all to his own garden,
Are you ready?

Alphabet Lesson

NEVZAT ÜSTÜN

Translated by F. Engin

This

B

Is a capital B

This

a

Is a small a

The massacre of the human race in our world

Is a capital massacre

Learn this my child

Two Poems by Arif Damar

Translated by Edouard Roditi

Don't Go, Stay

ARIF DAMAR

Remember the lot of sorrows
Remember the lot of poverty
These tears we shed, remember them
Don't go, stay, is the wish of a child
Who refuses to believe what can be, what can't,
So don't go, remember

Over barren fields
The sun shines when the rain stops
The fig-tree grows green above the bare rocks
In the wilderness of mountains
A quiet flower
Spreads its blue in solitude

Don't go, remember how joyful we were
In unity and friendship
Remember everything, everything
Remember the midnights
Remember your own words
Stealthy rains were pouring
It was cold
Remember the fire we made

Remember the things you are forsaking
Don't go, remember joy
Everywhere on our planet
When those tired hands gather the roses
Remember the joy of the hands
Remember the joy of the roses
Remember how we loved you

Mothers

Mothers, how can you make them smile,
How, like blue summer skies,
Like still waters, prosperous times?
What do you whisper into their ears,
What advice do you give them?
Mothers, how can you make them smile?

A child ran, then others and another after them,
Yellow pony-tail locks, red ribbons, polka dots.
How do you fashion these skirts, Mothers,
How do you sew these shirts?
Mothers, how do you dress them?

How can you bring them up, I wonder, wonder,
Where do you find that food, that milk,
How can you keep your breasts so full?
A ball bounces, a child and then another after it,
You add power to our power,
Mothers, you bring to shame
You bring our age to shame
You bring the men of our age to shame.

The Wild Pear Tree

MEHMET BAŞARAN

Translated by H. Başaran

Look your friends live in gardens
You are on a naked hill
Where the wind blows

A solid blueness flows above
The earth squeezes your roots below
You pour your heart to your shadow

Sometimes the stars shoot so close by
That you think they will ask you how you are
Broken is your green silence
You stir in hope

Do not rely on your having a name
You are a blackness between the sky and the earth
And all the world has forgotten you
Who would know that you live
But for the poor birds which come to your branches

What endless troubles have been yours
First the dew hurt you
Then your love for the clouds
Was it not the wooing of the winds
That made your leaves fall

You stand far away across the fields
How like a peasant you look
You live in barren lands
My sweetheart my cypress tree

History Lesson in the Fleamarket

CAN YÜCEL

Translated by Nermin Menemencioglu

If you sit down in this brocaded chair,
If I climb to rest upon that turban-shelf,
Shall we disturb the immemorial dust?
If we perhaps take a pinch from this snuffbox,
Belonging once to who knows what Grand Mufti,
Shall the fairy-tale of evaporated snuff
Conjure a sneeze, do you think?

Was the auction over, was it about to be over?
Because there were no further bids;
Before the hammer fell to leave N. Bey the owner
Of three lengths, one width of mirror in gold-leaf frame,
Before N. Bey could say, "That's done," before
His future furniture approached its future description,
N. Bey himself, his mirror, his comb, his chestnut locks
Had turned to dust, had scattered in the wind.
Was the auction over, was it about to be over?

Have you never, when seated at a train window,
Beside the flowing trees and earth and rocks,
Watching bemused your own reflection—
The twitchings of your comic mouth and all that—
Been startled rudely by the elbow
Of someone walking along the corridor?

And have you not then wished you were the only traveller?
Or else, forgetting that you had seen
The trees, the earth, the rocks, and you yourself,
Seen all these from the window of a moving train,
Wished that you could be left behind in those places
Where you had seen yourself reflected?

You have made this wish, we have all made this wish . . .

Would you like me to buy you a mirror,
Three lengths, one width, and with a gold-leaf frame?
"Here lies the deceased," we would write across the top,
We'd wash you clean in good water,
Distribute trays of sweetmeats after you . . .

You have made this wish, we have all made this wish . . .

N. Bey would have disembarked before the train stopped,
But since old mirrors have fallen from people's hands,
Since old mirrors have fallen idle,
Dust over dust, and dust within the dust,
Since old mirrors have fallen idle,
No one may leave the train while it is moving.
They do not wash you properly if you do,
They bury you in the Flea Market, before you rot.

You have made this wish, we have all made this wish . . .

But that which stays when you are gone . . .
Or that which remained after N. Bey was gone,
Within a handful of dust,
Was it that part of his life which he had not lived?
Or was that which remained after N. Bey was gone,
Within a handful of dust,
Was it his death, refusing to die?

Since they will not let you get off while the train is moving,
They do not wash you properly if you do,
They bury you in the Flea Market, before you rot.

You will never become a mellowed wine,
Or an old man at the foot of a plane tree; you,
Idle among the idle mirrors,
Dust within dust, traveller on the train,
Neither within the gate nor on the outside,
Flea Market shopper, Flea Market goods for sale;
If you live, at best, you will live with the dead,
Neither within the gate nor on the outside,
And if you die, you'll die together with death.

If you sit down in this brocaded chair,
If I climb to rest upon that turban-shelf,
Shall we disturb the immemorial dust?
If we perhaps take a pinch from that snuffbox,
Belonging once to who knows what Grand Mufti,
Shall the fairy-tale of evaporated snuff
Conjure a sneeze, do you think?

Engineer of the Pavements

METİN ELOĞLU

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

The days pursue each other, then the months;
In the dark dawn, at noon, in the night,
The years of love,
The years of learning;
The rosy years to wear like a crown,
(Of the black years do not inform my mother).
Chasing after raw dreams, impossible tasks,
In love with every girl in sight.

Because of love a knife is stuck in my thigh,
Because of love I gamble coat and trousers away.
In a twinkling my youth was spent;
And was that, too, because of love,
Blockhead? Someone might ask . . .
To what shall I compare this part of my life?
For instance, for instance, for instance . . .
In Ottoman history, the reign of İbrahim the Mad.

In my early engineering years
I got myself a girl from Ahirkapi.
She prayed her five times a day,
Mended my clothes, fluffed up my mattress,
Fried aubergines to stuff me with.
The end?
Surely the end is obvious . . .

Those bachelor days, those lonely days,
I drove a ramshackle vehicle back and forth
Across beautiful İstanbul.
The things I saw made my heart bleed:
The honest man equals the crook,
Man equals beast.

Walking home one autumn evening
A little the worse for a drink or two
I ran into the family at our corner:
My sister, my grandmother,
The former soliciting, the latter begging.
I am too old to lie . . .

My eyes filled with tears,
I threw myself into the post-office.
Dearest brother İlyas, I wrote,
Send me thirty lira in a hurry,
I have no one to turn to but you . . .
What do you think, İlyas, that same İlyas,
Never even answered, the bloody fool . . .

What follows the pen refuses to describe.
Look, and you see me chasing after work,
After bread, and friendship, and freedom.
Look again, tribunals are my lot.
Your Honour, I am saying at the last session,
My advanced ideas were just to pass the time.
You have taken them too seriously, Your Honour.
But from now on, no more jail for me.
Sitting or standing, I will follow the dictates
Of reason.

Two Poems by Turgut Uyar

Translated by Nermin Menemencioğlu

Blood Cities

TURGUT UYAR

Blood flows from the houses with darkened windows
Over dead women over roof tiles
While in the luminous pearly blue province of the sea
The fairest untamed fish are apprehensive
This is blood we are channelling into the troubled marketplaces
On earth and sky into bottles of liquor over and over

Blood drips from the hands the greedy fingers
Of non-Bosnian children at the ice cream vendor's
At Eyub of the cemeteries and along the shore
Fairhaired children but who have mothers and fathers
Blood flows from wooden houses into the streets and streets
Onto short trousers where the blue lands are vapid

Blood runs from the raingrooves blood enough
To stain a whole Thursday of sunken ships
A chaplet a punched hole a typewriter
While criminal kings are thus propelled by horses
Whose harness is black and their rumps shining with salt
So blood awakens the love of dead women awakens

On trees in the wake of ships in restaurants
The cities' patch of blood laid onto blood
Dead women give birth to children tenderly kissed
In fishless birdless rooms with console-tables
Were there no deserts no truly female melons
That sun that ancient children's sun burning
Beyond the roofs of Malta over there

Old Broken Glasses

Translated by Ayhan Sümer

Now I am alone with these my hands, look you now
With these my hair, my nice clothing, these my nickels now
There is you and you are not enough for times
Are you away, is it you, you do not tell
Are your glances missing, or your lips, I do not see
I remember those men, dark and huge men
Those ships—of fallen sails and rudders
The swallow-birds I forgot and broken glasses
If I know not that in summer in a wooden house
If I know not that in a courtyard from a jug
Do waters cold and cold ooze, if I know not
I can endure not.

This situation blames me only
I am with myself through the day, see you now.

This is the sun which breaks down now and then
And this the snake which strikes without cause
And these the broken glasses in rubbish-heaps
To go to the easiest of love, of poetry, of death
And the streets which I lost in women I loved not
I know the reason, I know them all
So easy itself, so easy to be saved and to tell
That I get bored of its easiness
That I cannot save myself.

Two Poems by Edip Cansever

What a Table It Was

Translated by S. Oktay

In the joy of living the man
His keys on the table he put
The flowers in the copper bowl he put
His milk his eggs he put
The light coming through the window he put
The sound of the bicycle the sound of the wheel
The softness of the bread and the air he put
On the table the man
What was going on in his mind he put
What he wanted to do in life
Right this he put
Whom he loved whom he didn't
All of them on the table he put
Three times three was nine
The nine on the table he put
The window was nearby and the sky was nearby
He reached out and on the table infinity he put
He had longed to drink beer for days
The overflowing of the beer on the table he put
His sleep he put his wakefulness he put
His being full and his hunger he put
The table a real table what a table it was
Didn't mind all this burden
Just swayed once or twice
And the man put put put

The Quarrel

Translated by Doğan Türker

Pointed are his feet as he steps on hard stones
The women have breasts—Let's drink either whisky or beer
And there are tables, you know, that are not living
Just like that, a table in them
Tell Mike and Jim—tonight to the women.

Mike does not like women, so we'll drop him at the coffee-house
He will play cards a while, then sail to the oceans
And there are islands, you know, that are not living
Just like that, an island in them
You know us—he winks—to the women.

Pointed are his feet as the sky reflects on the roofs
This quarrel, a quarrel from its hundredth exponent
And there are people, you know, that are not living
Is it you Mike, or is it you Jim
Let's not care about it—he sighs—tonight to the women.

A Dead Hungarian Acrobat

ECE AYHAN

Translated by Aslan Ebiri

Then the terrible smilings were ended
then i could see nobody
everyone was looking for me
a dead hungarian acrobat found me found me
the poisonous wind was blowing from the sea.

Teasing

CEMAL SÜREYA

Translated by Ayhan Sümer

They have cut the cloud, cloud into three
My blood spilled, cloud into three
Face of a woman out of Van Gogh
And two sailors hee hee hee.

Face of a woman small as my palm
With both eyes I saw it clearly
There were stars and I was drunk
Whose tavern is this hee hee hee.

This is Ali's tavern, and this a table
I take this rope for no one to see
I was hanged once in my childhood
Masts were on the ship hee hee hee.

Face of a woman out of Van Gogh
And two sailors passed running by me
I never fell in love, love I never knew
Excluding Süheylâ hee hee hee.

Fringe

KEMAL ÖZER

Translated by Ayhan Sümer

his eyes are an open sleep on the table
the chart that the boy looks at
nearly vomiting of fear
if he wouldn't hold his mother's nearest hand
they have died now their lines are drawn
they have died now ignoring death

their lines are drawn and of girls
when their eyes disappear of weeping of sleep
is it the blood which passed it is so white
clothes and stones they are so white
is it the blood which passed through streets' brightness
it has so spilled on children's hands
every child is the clock-tower of a town
in which acrobats swing to death
the horrible tower of minutes of death
one of his feet to mother and one to death

Ballad

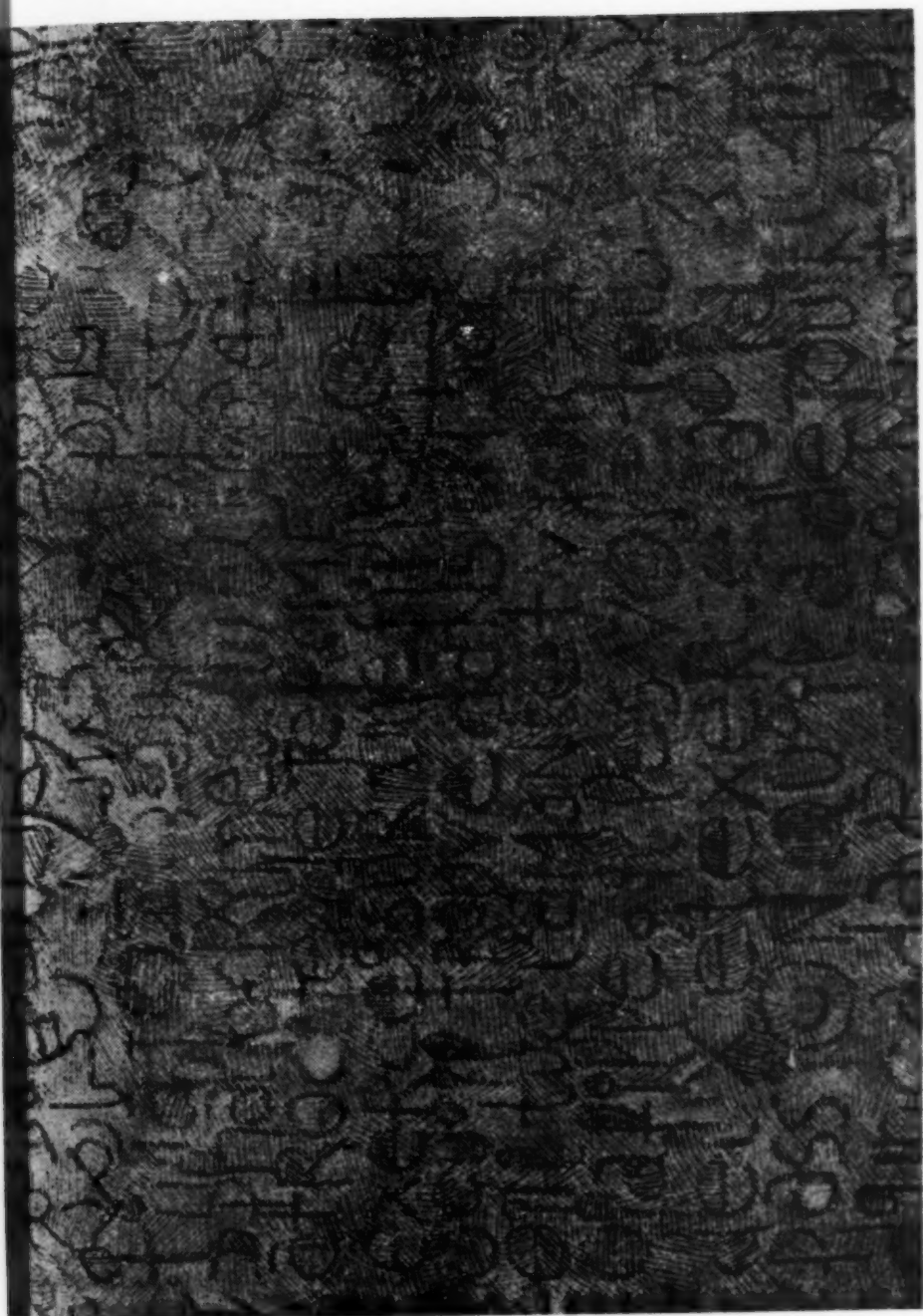
ÜLKÜ TAMER

Translated by the author

Buy it from the grocer there,
Buy me a nickel's worth of rope,
Winters come and years go,
I shall hang myself, I hope.

I shall hang myself today
When pigeons alight at noon
On my shoulders, on my hat,
And I'll be a tailor soon.

I shall make myself a dress
And fall from my leafy-tree,
After sleeping a whole week's dream
Leaving my shop, I'll go to sea.



Design by Yüksel Aslan.



Herrita Sus, ceramic mural by Füreya.

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Contemporary Turkish Literature

KEMAL H. KARPAT

THE EMERGENCE in the twenties of a modern literature marks a major transition in Turkey's cultural history. Today this literature exerts a profound influence on intellectuals in all walks of life. It constitutes the main source of their philosophical inspiration. It provides an escape from the whims of daily politics and an excessive social conservatism, and it offers a haven where unorthodox ideas can be dressed in an ordinarily acceptable form and expressed without too much fear of retaliation. Creating new social, political and intellectual currents, Turkey's contemporary literature is one of the most effective forces in her cultural advance.

The history of the Turkish Republic and the history of contemporary Turkish literature are closely interwoven; indeed, when the Republic undertook to remold Turkish culture, it chose literature as a major vehicle for shaping individual and social thinking in the pattern of its ideals. The reforms instituted between 1923-1945 sought to provide the new society with solid foundations along Western lines. Islamic traditionalism was rejected, the Sultanate and the Caliphate—strongholds of political and theocratic absolutism—were swept away and Western science and positivist philosophy were elevated to supreme goals. A vast government-sponsored program of translations from Western literary masterpieces was designed to inculcate youth with fresh ideas as well as new methods of literary expression. The abolition of the Arabic alphabet and the substitution of the vernacular for the language of the upper classes, which was filled with Arabic and Persian words, helped greatly to reconcile the written and the spoken language, and reading became accessible for the first time to the large mass of people. In still another major effort to implement its goals, the Republic established in 1930-31 almost five hundred People's Houses in cities and towns and over four thousand People's Rooms in villages, whose purpose was to stimulate intellectual and creative interests in several fields,

but with emphasis on theater, writing and publication and the development and use of libraries.

The Republic prescribed certain conditions under which creative work would be protected: it must condemn the old regime, glorify nationalism and modernism, promote patriotism, inculcate the ideal of personal sacrifice for the common good . . . Since the People's Houses reached even remote segments of society, the government program dealt a severe blow to the old order, but the new conformity lent some encouragement to a new dogmatism by providing chauvinists with the opportunity to taboo, in the name of nationalism, any ideas that did not please them. Government sponsorship of art, particularly of literature, however, was never wholly monopolistic. Outside the official program, a much larger number of writers published articles and books and edited magazines according to their own tastes and interests. Thus, in spite of certain limitations, the Republic's policy produced three major beneficial effects: first, it encouraged the acceptance of the West as the source of the new order's inspiration; second, by discrediting the Ottoman past, it stimulated new currents of thought which were free of overt opposition from reactionaries; and third, through the People's Houses, it provided writing and publishing experience useful to authors and editors in the later development of their own ideas through private publication.

Although the old *Divan* and *Tekke* (palace and religious) literature by 1935 had been thoroughly undermined by the new nationalist literature, which drew on the country and the people as the source of its inspiration, the life depicted by the committed nationalist poets—Faruk Nafiz Çamlıbel, Yusuf Ziya Ortaç, Orhan Seyfi Orhon—was over-idealized. Their work lacked the originality, freedom and personality found in the independent modern poetry of, for example, Yahya Kemal Beyatlı and Ahmet Haşim, the former excelling in the use of traditional meter, the latter in symbolism, and both, antedating the nationalist poets, exerted a profound artistic influence on Turkish poetry. Nazım Hikmet Ran, another pioneering poet of considerable distinction at this time, moved to the extreme left to depict the social conflicts of the industrial age. In fiction a number of independent writers, to be discussed later,

likewise stimulated a keen public awareness of critical social problems.

Thus a new Turkish literature came into its own, yet much of it remained impersonal and static. It described national aspirations and exposed social conditions, but it did not reveal inner feelings and states of mind and it lacked the drive that comes from contact with living reality and intellectual and artistic diversity. Its language was intelligible to the masses, but it was still cliché-ridden. Actually, it failed to achieve an intrinsic national spirit—the unique-universal quality that would reveal the basic inner attitude of Turks as individuals and as a culture toward life and its problems. Without such a quality, Turkish literature could not hope to attain stature among the world's great literatures.

The one current which led to a dynamic contemporary Turkish literature stressed from its earliest beginnings personal expression free from rigidly prescribed forms. The *Yedi Meşaleciler* (*Seven Torch Bearers*), among whom Yaşar Nabi Nayır, Ziya Osman Saba and Cevdet Kudret Solok deserve mention, spearheaded the modern movement which defended sincerity, vitality and experimentation. The review *Meşale* (*Torch*), which appeared briefly in 1928, and *Varlık* (*Existence*), which has been published regularly by Yaşar Nabi since 1933—a real publishing record for Turkey—strengthened the new current by publishing the modern works of young writers and poets. In recent years other publications—*Yeditepe* (*Seven Hills*), *Yeni Ufuklar* (*New Horizons*), *Dost* (*Friend*)—have vigorously aligned themselves with the movement. A number of smaller reviews—*Yaprak* (*Leaf*), *Yeni Fikirler* (*New Ideas*), *İstanbul*—have likewise promoted at various times the modernist cause.

On this substantial groundwork, a major new effort was built with the publication in 1941 of a collection of poems in a modest volume entitled *Garip* (*Strange*). *Garip* contained the work of three poets: Orhan Veli [Kanık], Oktay Rifat [Horozcu], and Melih Cevdet Anday. The first of the three, generally known as Orhan Veli, conceived the project, selected the poems, and wrote the introduction which proposed the poetics of the group as fruitful goals for Turkish poets generally. The original edition of *Garip* has

long been out of print and Orhan Veli has now been dead for ten years, but the movement he founded continues to dominate Turkish lyrical poetry.

The introduction to *Garip* sparked a revolution in contemporary Turkish poetry:

The understanding on which the new poetry is based does not belong to a minority class. The majority of people earn their living in this world by an endless striving. Poetry, like everything else, is their due and must appeal to them. [We] are not attempting to [satisfy] the demand of these people through the old literature. This is not a defense of the class interests . . . but a search for its artistic tastes in order to make it the master of art. One can reach a new understanding . . . only by using the new means and new ways.

There is no artistry and no new effort in attempting to squeeze some theories into known forms. The entire structure must be altered from its foundations. For years we have guided our taste and will power and tried to deliver ourselves from the influence of literatures that formed [our tastes]. In order to escape their suffocating influence we were forced to reject all that those literatures taught us. We wish it were possible to reject even the language that restricts our creative endeavors by expecting particular words in writing poetry.

The two salient features of the bold new program—a socio-democratic spirit centered in the lives of people and freedom to experiment—provoked, as expected, a storm among the older writers and in universities long accustomed to scholastic works and oriented to the past. Many of the young writers creating in the new style were accused of leftist deviations and of tendentious writing which allegedly debased cultural values and traditions.

Specifically, the three poets of *Garip* and their numerous followers—among them Asaf Halet Çelebi, Orhon M. Arıburnu, and many younger writers—stand for “clarity” and “spontaneity” as opposed to the “contrived” and “stereotyped” nature of traditional Turkish poetry.

It is understandable and perhaps inevitable but still curious that contemporary Turkish poetry should be so eager to break with all the traditions of its classical past when the great poets of Western Europe—from Goethe in his *Westöstlicher Divan* and August Graf von Platen in his *Ghazellen* to St.-John Perse—have again and again sought to enrich European poetry by seeking inspiration from

the type of classical Islamic poetry popularly associated with the name of Omar Khayyam. The *Garip* group turns its back on all this "classical" art of the *Divans* to seek new forms in the country's own popular poetry or in the contemporary French poetry of Guillaume Apollinaire and Paul Eluard, the Russian poetry of Vladimir Mayakovsky, or the lyrical epigrams of Japan.

Much of contemporary Turkish lyrical poetry—and most contemporary Turkish poetry is lyrical—thus tends to be a poetry of immediate perception and feeling rather than of synthesis, recollection or reflection. Such lyrical poetry can express admirably and often concisely the "spleen" that assails a sensitive and witty poet in a frustratingly complex urban civilization.

Any account of recent Turkish poetry must devote considerable space to Orhan Veli, who set its course and pace. Experimenting with modern forms as early as 1937, at the age of twenty-three, he had advanced sufficiently far to undertake with his friends the publication of *Garip*. Orhan believed that the writing of poetry is, above all, devoted labor, consisting of constant experimentation in order to find the precise word with the proper intonation that would awaken a desired effect in the reader. His poems, many of which are read almost at a glance and appear to be rather artless, are in fact the product of dedicated craftsmanship. Influenced by French surrealism, he believed that poetry is the art of conveying impressions and images with an economy of words and free of descriptive elaboration. It is the effect that matters. Poetry cannot be matter-of-fact, but it must be clear enough in its evocations to be intelligible. This requires, in turn, mastery of the language and its nuances. Consequently poetry is untranslatable. A poem must be considered in its entirety, not approached piecemeal as verse or rhyme—the poet therefore must be skilled in fitting the parts into the organic whole. These general precepts are not rigid rules and regulations. Each poet must experiment for himself with new forms and images, keeping his mind alive to fresh ideas, for a poet "believing that there is nothing to believe beyond his own credo is a bigot."

Orhan Veli's source of inspiration was the human being, individually and collectively, as he appeared in daily life. His admiration, like Sait Faik's, centered on the "little man," both the manual

and intellectual worker. (The preoccupation with the "little man" in contemporary literature is the result concurrently of the new democratic currents and the reaction against upper class Ottoman absolutism.) During the last year of his life, Orhan published a two-page newspaper, *Yaprak* (*The Leaf*), devoted exclusively to letters. In *Yaprak* he and his friends fought outworn ideas and customs, but social concern in Orhan's poetry is always subordinate to art. His poem, "For This Country" (p. 231), which appears at first glance satirically humorous, in reality not only expresses compassion for the millions who died for Empire and ruling class at the mere sign from a leader, but also attacks current politicians who invoke the sacrifices of the past to justify their own ambitions. A more powerful impact could hardly be made in volumes of prose. Orhan Veli's art and attitude, a continuing inspiration for some younger poets, have achieved a permanent place in Turkish literature and may well entitle him to recognition in world literature.

Oktaý Rifat was originally a symbolist. Lately he has been experimenting with so-called "obscure" poetry. Arguing that poetry is the art of images and that useful images cannot be limited to those that are actually definable, Oktay holds that poetry should not always be expected to express obvious meanings. But as he departs more and more from commonly understood reality, his work becomes increasingly singular and difficult to understand.

Melih Cevdet Anday, the third of the *Garip* triumvirate, is inclined to concentrate on social matters to such an extent that his later poems, clear and powerful as they are, frequently subordinate artistic quality to current events.

Although the more sophisticated and impressionistic urban poets of İstanbul associated with the *Garip* movement still attract more attention with the public—perhaps because they edit some of Turkey's literary periodicals or are closely associated with them—their more "popular" colleagues who are writing in and about Anatolian villages or small towns may yet make more original and permanent contributions, for they are less influenced by the literary fads that spread to İstanbul from Paris, Moscow and other foreign centers.

Poets such as Cahit Külebi and Mehmet Başaran, attracted by

the genuine character of the peasant and his rich folklore, deal extensively with village life. No one, except Ceyhun Atuf Kansu, has succeeded so well as the former in expressing the feelings of the Anatolian in authentic lyrical forms. Külebi's moods are mellow rather than indignant. His language is natural yet powerful as he describes the people, roads and towns of central Anatolia, from where he himself comes. His sensitivity is most deeply touched by the fate of peasant women who, in the struggle for bread, lose "the color of their cheeks before their chastity."

The same compassion is shown to the city worker, himself usually a late arrival from the village, by Rıfat Ilgaz, Metin Eloğlu, Arif Damar, A. Kadir and others. Thus social ideas, not as political ideology, but as a new literary dimension come into Turkey's contemporary poetry. The individual in all walks of life is a matter of direct concern, and his material welfare is as important as his spiritual well-being.

Another group of poets—İlhan Berk, Cahit Irgat, Salâh Bırsel, Sabahattin Kudret Aksal, Turgut Uyar, Edip Cansever, Ece Ayhan, Cemal Süreya, Can Yücel and others—deserve special mention: some for their continuous experimentation, some for their subject matter, and some for promoting a "second modernist movement" which claims to go far beyond the school of Orhan Veli. The result has been the emergence of the so-called "obscure-difficult" type of poetry in which the poet considers himself free from an obligation to provide obvious meaning. One of his concerns is the organization of syllables to produce pleasant sounds.

It is doubtful, however, that obscure poetry as a movement will survive in Turkey. The position of modern literature is not sufficiently secure and the old school of poetry and thought is too stoutly resistant for poets, at this stage, to sacrifice their real mission for eccentricity. There is extra-poetic justification for obscure poetry—political controls, social pressures . . . —and some obscure poetry is beautiful, worthy of more attention than can be devoted to it in this paper, but Turkish literature today cannot remove itself from its social context or alienate its larger audience. It still plays a key role as a reform force—its loss as such would weaken the modernization effort and could conceivably lessen the social consciousness

of the reading public. Perhaps other societies which have achieved intellectual maturity and material security can afford those extreme forms of artistic individualism that appeal to the initiated few, but Turkey cannot. One of the weaknesses of *divan* literature in the imperial days lay in its neglect of society. Obscure poetry is a "modern" way of reactivating the old. Happily, the trend of obscure poetry may soon be turned to constructive ends, for common sense, self-criticism and the desire for full self-realization are still very much alive and these are the guarantees for the future of Turkish poetry.

Since some of Turkey's most mature poets subscribe to no school, the contemporary scene enjoys considerable richness and variety. Cahit Sıtkı Tarancı, who died four years ago, appeals to conservatives and modernists alike. While accepting the forms of the new poetry, he writes with sentiment on traditional *carpe diem* themes and is affected by the folk and mystic writers with their simple pantheism and lilting rhythms. Although he is not too concerned with social problems, some ideological strains are discernible. He has been described as "the most protean of all contemporary Turkish poets and one of the most lovable."

Bedri Rahmi Eyüboğlu has also been influenced by folklore. His thorough, first-hand knowledge of the country and its people, and his documentary style combine to provide a balanced and diversified picture of modern Turkey. Fazıl Hüsnü Dağlarca's poetry, dealing with the War of Liberation and other themes ranging from village problems to deeply personal moods, is sometimes clear, sometimes obscure and difficult of translation. Behçet Necatigil is one of the few contemporary poets preoccupied with urban middle class life, and Necati Cumalı presents the optimistic point of view in lyrics concerned with both rural and urban society.

Prose, particularly the novel, was for centuries the neglected stepchild of Turkish literature. In an age when poets had already produced masterpieces that can be compared with the great lyrics of other literatures of the West and East, such early Turkish epic tales as those of the *Book of Dede Korkut* strike us as surprisingly primitive when we compare them with Arabic fiction—the stories

for example, of the *Thousand and One Nights*. Until the nineteenth century most Turkish writers remained content to emulate—and rather poorly—Arabic and Persian fiction.

In the nineteenth century, Turkish writers were inspired to a great extent by Western models, above all by such French masters as Victor Hugo, Flaubert and Maupassant, Paul Bourget and Pierre Loti. Some Turkish writers even preferred to write their novels and stories about Ottoman life in French. Few of these authors, whether they expressed themselves in French or Turkish, are read today. Their insistence on a kind of local color that has become obsolete, their faith in panaceas now outmoded, the very derivative quality of their inspiration and their old-fashioned diction and style—all these characteristics condemn their works to the kind of oblivion from which they can scarcely be rescued even by scholarly research. Their value lies in the bridge they provide between the old and the new.

The real classics of Turkish fiction at all widely read in Turkey today have been written for the most part in the past fifty years. They include a number of excellent collections of traditional legends and fairy tales, popular anecdotes and other kinds of fiction that earlier scholars had often ignored as unworthy of their attention. Professor Pertev Boratav, now on the staff of the Paris Musée de Arts et Traditions Populaires, has proved in this field to be both a great scholar and a great editor. His collections of Turkish fairy tales deserve attention as world-wide as those of the Brothers Grimm or of Hans Christian Andersen. Folk literature as a whole deserves special attention—much more than we can give it here—for it provides a rich source of human experience, authentically Turkish, for masterpieces.

Turkey's development as a modern nation has been more drastic since 1920 than that of many another nation. In attempting to bridge within a few decades the enormous gap between medieval Islam, still dominating most of the life of Anatolia, and a modern economy now found in İstanbul, Ankara, İzmir, Adana and a half dozen other Turkish centers, the habits of men and their thoughts and speech alter rapidly and radically. Most serious Turkish writers of the last few decades have been concerned above all with studying and explaining this critical problem of transition. Thus Turkish prose has strong social undertones.

Modern Turkish fiction thus came into being with the works of a few pioneer spirits who distinguished themselves during the régime of the late Mustafa Kemal Atatürk. Yakup Kadri Karaosmanoğlu, Reşat Nuri Güntekin and Halide Edip Adıvar, the last a leader in the emancipation of women, deserve attention. Though their individual works may today have less significance, as a group these writers played an important role in their nation's cultural life as educators and literary innovators, particularly in arousing a keen public awareness of social problems.

Among the other important early social writers—one who today is an established elder of Turkish prose—is Halikarnas Balıkcısı. An ardent, independent nationalist, he later spent some time in exile. The story of his available for this Turkish number of *The Literary Review* reveals his satirical talent, but his major contributions are his stories and novels depicting the life of fishermen. His *Legends of Anatolia* is a remarkable study of old customs and folklore in which he seeks to prove that many of the ancient Greek gods were borrowed from Anatolian mythology and that some of this mythology persists today.

The most authentic social writer of this period was Sabahattin Âli, whose *Anatolian Tales*, defining the dangers to over-rapid modernization, anticipated the coming of age of a whole generation of writers who now concern themselves with the problems of Anatolian villagers as they face the disruption of their ages-old agricultural economy and the shock of their first contacts with modern industry. Sabahattin Âli was a Communist. Since his mysterious death, his works are no longer reprinted in Turkey, but they have been translated with success abroad.

Yet Sabahattin Âli's example as a social realist is followed by a whole school of younger fiction writers, among whom Orhan Kemal is undoubtedly the greatest. Less political than Sabahattin Âli, Orhan Kemal and his group—Samim Kocagöz, Yaşar Kemal, Mahmut Makal, Kemal Tahir and others—are not easy writers to translate: the conditions they describe are often alien to the experience of Western readers and require editorial explanation. Though realists in much the same sense as some Italians, notably Giovanni Verga and Ignazio Silone, they are also more stark, more reticent and,

with the exception of Yaşar Kemal, less lyrical.

Nonetheless, the introduction of social themes into literature gave additional impetus to the development of the modern novel, which, as has been noted, lagged far behind poetry and the short story. Few Turkish writers were accustomed to handling the more intricate plots and even fewer had developed the ability to encompass time and space in a broad organic structure. But the peasant's fate—from his struggle for land to his migration into cities—fascinated the writers who followed his fate, and they brought his odyssey to life in novels which for the first time in Turkish literary history gave stature and a new dimension to this field of writing.

As the leader and teacher of this school of social realists dedicated to the study of Turkey's greatest human problems, Orhan Kemal deserves all our respect and admiration. His novels and short stories about the village-born workers in new urban industrial centers, the underprivileged little man of İstanbul, or the Anatolian migrants driven into industrialized agriculture present a deeply moving and wonderfully exact picture of the social evolution of the masses in today's Turkey. An admirer of Erskine Caldwell, Orhan Kemal writes in a forthright, documentary fashion without much lyricism, and the son of a lawyer-politician who went into exile, he himself at times strikes political tones, especially when defending the rights of the proletariat. The influence of his work on others, especially on the younger writers, has been considerable.

The village and the villager, who forms close to eighty per cent of Turkey's population, have thus acquired an increasing significance in the country's contemporary literature. The writer, profoundly influenced by the modern humanitarian spirit, cannot remain passive before the plight of people too long left to the mercy of nature. Moreover, the Village Institutes themselves, established primarily to train local young men for elementary school teaching, have provided some 20,000 of them with modern concepts with which to judge the condition of their communities. These youngsters early began to write about village life with a realism and intensity not known before. With Mahmut Makal, the school teacher who wrote stories of village life, the Turkish peasant won a permanent place in his country's literature.

There are definite limitations imposed on literature by the kind of romantic realism that now leads so many Turkish writers to concern themselves almost exclusively with village life, peasant psychology, agrarian reform, folkloristic poetry and peasant arts and crafts. But the Anatolian peasant remains in Turkish life the great human problem that obsesses all serious politicians, educators, thinkers and artists. It is hardly reasonable to expect Turkish writers to write psychological works about a middle class such as the one that inspires French writers who belong to it and cannot escape from it.

Two major writers remain both within and without this general realistic trend: Sait Faik [Abasıyanık] and Yaşar Kemal. It is not given to many writers in any literature to have the lyrical tenderness of the first or the epic vision and swing of the latter.

A specialist in those moods of "spleen" that once inspired such nineteenth century masters as Baudelaire, Gogol, Stephen Crane or Arthur Schnitzler, Sait Faik—departing from the formalistic, tortuous, over-idealized writing of the past—has left us some wonderfully tender and dreamlike vignettes that reveal odd aspects, sections and characters of İstanbul, a city that deserves as great writers to unravel its complex mysteries as Paris or old St. Petersburg, Vienna or New York. The undisputed master of Turkish prose, Sait Faik's work reveals few traceable literary influences. He studied in Grenoble, France, yet none of his works bears any resemblance to any French writer.

Born to a relatively well-to-do family, he steadily professed his "goal of becoming nothing in life" and he certainly attained it, for he is known to have had no profession. (Once when he requested a passport the officer validating the document indicated his profession with a word meaning "vagabond".) He rebelled against society by defying its conventions. He broke loose from its petty mentality which sought to pigeon-hole everybody in a definable profession. His aim was to enjoy life uninhibitedly, with no strings attached. Love was his guide and inspiration throughout his disoriented life. He loved the birds in the sky as much as the giggling Greek girls of İstanbul, the waiters and the peddlers as much as the waters and the winds of the Bosphorus. His short stories find lovable aspects in

every incident and every human being, however insignificant. "If men are not to love each other, why do they build such crowded cities?" he said—an expression which epitomizes his philosophy. Sait Faik chose all his subjects from the lower classes of the Istanbul scene—peddlers, fishermen, small merchants, petty white collar workers—and he presented them without idealization or even dramatization, yet his short stories, when taken together, are the drama of the little man who tries to earn a living and lives from day to day with his dreams and worries. Sait Faik does not pity him because he is insignificant, rather he admires him, for his unimportance neither crushes nor prevents his being happy and having his own personality and his own, to him, important pursuits. This precisely is what endears all his heroes to the reader. Sait Faik's style and insight have left a deep impact upon the younger generation. In this respect, without intending it, he has been a school of his own.

Yaşar Kemal appears today, at the age of thirty-eight, as one of the most promising novelists of Turkey. Having written two successful novels and a number of short stories in the form of field reports, he has established himself as a first-hand observer of village life and an expert on folklore. He writes from personal experience, with intimate knowledge of his material and compassion for his subjects—the peasant left to the mercy of landlords, petty officials and money lenders. He demands a better life for these people, condemns injustice and the system that permits it. His open and lyrical style, strongly influenced by folklore, gives to his work the atmosphere of a fairy tale. Although his heroes come from the Adana region where he was born, his newspaper work has taken him all over the country and his articles, in a refreshing new style, masterfully combine art and reality with a rare understanding of the social problems of Turks throughout the land. Last spring the French newspaper *Combat* reported that Yaşar Kemal will be proposed for the Nobel prize for his novel *İnce Memed*. Modestly, the author dismissed the news with the words, "The time for it has not come yet"—undoubtedly a statement with underlying meaning.

Some other fiction writers deserve special note. Aziz Nesin, a prolific and gifted writer of humorous stories with a sharp eye on human frailties, ridicules the incompetent bureaucrat, the pompous

politician, and the superficial intellectual, as well as social injustice in all its manifestations. Sometimes more journalistic than poetic, he is a kind of Damon Runyan of Turkish literature. Samim Kocagöz, a well-to-do landowner, is chiefly concerned with the special social and intellectual problems arising from modernization. Among other able young writers whose work has not yet taken a definable course are Oktay Akbal, prize-winning fiction writer and newspaper columnist; Vüs'at O. Bener, popular short story writer; Tahsin Yücel, whose short stories have considerable originality and artistic potentiality; and Orhan Hançerlioğlu who, adding to his observations in Anatolia his own thoughts and feelings, gives his stories originality and sensitivity as well as an urbane atmosphere.

Drama is omitted from this survey. Except for some worthwhile plays by Vedat Nedim Tör, Reşat Nuri Güntekin, Cevat Fehmi Başkut, Salâhattin Batu and several others, the Turkish theater still lags far behind the country's achievements in other literary fields.

Literary criticism likewise has yet to attain eminence. Except for the late Nurullah Ataç, it has produced no critic with an indisputable reputation for his understanding and vision of literature's larger goals. Fortunately, there exists a group of promising younger critics able to discern and judge the major trends and levels of literary achievement. Among these critics Adnan Benk, Memet Fuat, Sabahattin Eyüboğlu and İlhan Berk deserve attention.

Contemporary Turkish literature has certain shortcomings which it is seeking to overcome: insufficient self-analysis and self-confidence, inadequate learning, lack of sustained effort, over-sentimentality, limited understanding of the larger meaning of art and letters. Nonetheless, certain positive generalizations, by way of summary, may be assayed:

Most writers are versatile, producing poetry, short stories and novels concurrently, albeit they generally begin with poetry. They rely on personal experience and direct observation for authenticity. Their language is simple, natural, frequently colloquial and sometimes even folksy. They are experimentalists and non-conformists, but they hold to artistic standards. In subject-matter and style they

have achieved considerable breadth and some depth.

Their writing possesses a special character and intensity, the result largely of the unique cultural conflict created by historical circumstances. For most writers, childhood was conditioned by traditional Caliphate-Sultanate values, but the modern world led them to agnosticism and positivism. The struggle between the subconscious forces pulling them back and the reason driving them ahead remains acute. Those who seek serenity in the old cultural order, who succumb to the fatalism that still lurks in every corner of Turkish life, speculate about death, not as the contrast of a dynamic, potentially rich and satisfying life, but as the awe-filling fate which haunts all human beings through a few ephemeral, illusory years. The younger writers, although they understand the "regressive" and "reactionary" attitude of their elders, persist with their modern view, since any relapse would vitiate the vitality of their work. At some later stage, they believe, when the modern foundations are sufficiently secure, the problems of life and death can be approached in creative works with balance and perspective.

Contemporary Turkish writers, with some notable exceptions, come from the lower middle class, which, it must be understood, is intellectually the best-prepared and most progressive level in the country. They are the children of government officials, army officers or small businessmen. Some were born in İstanbul, but the majority come from the towns and villages of the southeast, Western Anatolia, the Black Sea . . . Their lower middle class and widely-distributed origins provide an unusual insight into the over-all conditions of the country.

For most writers, literature is an avocation rather than a profession. The majority hold university degrees, but few of those degrees are in literature, most are in law, political science, education, even medicine, with the result that writers earn their living as lawyers, officials, teachers or journalists. Practically no writer derives sufficient income to enable him to dedicate himself wholly to creative work. The relatively limited circulation of literary works (average 5,000-10,000 copies) and the low price of books (mainly paper backs, which cost between twenty cents and a dollar), both caused by the low level of literacy (35 per cent in 1957), undoubtedly accounts

for the absence of material incentive. Moreover, there are few awards or prizes for literary achievement. The only direct support comes from the government-sponsored translation program which provides some writers additional income but which is insufficient for living. Many writers oppose government aid—their independence explains in part the growing dignity of the writing profession. Moreover, the varied professional pursuits of writers enable them to come in contact with the whole range of society and the individuals who compose it, an experience which, reflected in their writing, provides color and a sense of reality.

Contemporary Turkish writing is more and more developing its own truly national character. It is often claimed that Turkish writing developed under the direct impact of the West, that individual writers have been influenced by some Western source, especially French. The modern literary transformation undoubtedly began, as this paper makes clear, under such foreign influence. Most Turkish writers speak one or two Western languages and are familiar with scores of Western writers, whose works they have translated, but it now seems that the impact of the West may have been unduly stressed, for the West has become less and less a source of direct inspiration and more and more a means of comparison and perspective. French realists, symbolists, surrealists, American writers, Italian playwrights—all have affected Turkish writing, but this writing, having lived through its infancy, has now acquired sufficient stamina to stand on its own. The very originality of contemporary Turkish literature was achieved when it leaned less on the West and learned to rely on its own rich resources. The most successful writers have been those who have developed their own style in presenting material from purely Turkish sources. Even when some Western literary current or model appeals as a source of inspiration, the tendency today is to modify it—to adapt it to the local milieu. This kind of cultural exchange is encountered everywhere in the world and in no way detracts from the originality of a work of art.

The major consideration, the ultimate satisfaction, is that anyone reading through the contemporary literature of Turkey acquires a feeling for a country and a people that is at once unique and yet an intrinsic part of the total involvement of human civilization.

(continued from page 146)

novels, poems, plays and articles have appeared under more than a hundred different pen names in every important Turkish newspaper and magazine.

KEMAL ÖZER (1935-) published his first book of verse last year.

OKTAY RİFAT [Horozcu] (1914-) has published six books of poetry. The four untitled poems in this issue are from *Perçemli Sokak* (*The Fringed Street*, 1956).

ZİYA OSMAN SABA (1910-1957) has four published volumes of poetry, one posthumous.

HASAN ŞİMŞEK (1918-), Tar-sus-born, is the author of one book of poetry.

CEMAL SÜREYA (1931-), a gifted young poet in the "obscure" movement, won the Yeditepe Prize for his book of poetry *Üvercinka*.

ÜLKÜ TAMER (1937-) published his first book of poetry last year.

CAHİT SITKI TARANCI (1911-1956), born in Diyarbakır, was a modern poet at once sympathetic to conventional forms and an admirer of the French Symbolists.

NEVZAT ÜSTÜN (1924-) has published three books of poetry.

TURGUT UYAR (1927-), born in Ankara and a leading figure in the "obscure" movement, has published three books of verse.

ORHAN VELİ [Kanık] (1914-1950), also known as Mehmet Ali Sel, was born in Beykoz (İstanbul), the son of a musician. His complete poems, *Bütün Şiirleri*, published posthumously in 1951, had its eighth printing in 1959.

CAN YÜCEL (1926-) is the

author of a book of original poems and an anthology in Turkish of world poets.

TAHSİN YÜCEL (1933-), born in Elbistan, has published three volumes of short stories.

Translators:

H. BAŞARAN is a brother of the poet.

TALÂT SAİT HALMAN, a graduate of Robert College (B.A.) and Columbia University (M.A.), is a lecturer at Columbia. His critical anthology, *Contemporary Turkish Poetry*, is scheduled for early publication.

NERMİN MENEMENCİOĞLU (Mrs. Jasper Streater), a great-granddaughter of the national poet Namik Kemal (1840-1880), was educated at Brown and Columbia Universities in the United States. She is currently working on an anthology of twentieth century Turkish poetry in English translation.

EDOUARD RODITI—American poet, translator, essayist and critic—was featured in the Spring *Literary Review*. His translation of Yaşar Kemal's novel, *İnce Memed*, will be published this year (Pantheon).

GÖNÜL SUVEREN works in Babiali (Fleet Street of İstanbul) as a translator of American writing for Turkish book and newspaper publishers.

ÖZCAN BAŞKAN, GÜZİN BERKMEN and MİNA URGAN are members of the faculty of the University of İstanbul. F. Engin, Sumru Erel and S. Oktay are graduates of this university.

HILARY SUMNER-BOYD is a professor at Robert College. Ünal Boduroğlu, Manfred Bormann, Engin Cezzar, Berent Enç, Spiro K. Kostof, Anıl Meriçelli, Ayhan Sümer and Doğan

Türker are graduates of the College.

ASLAN EBİRLİ, İLYAS HALİL and ÖZDEMİR NUTKU are graduates of the University of Ankara.

Y. MORAN and MİHRİCAN ÖZDEMİR are graduates of the American College for Girls (Istanbul).

Artists:

YÜKSEL ASLAN (1933-) has had two exhibits at the Istanbul Municipal Art Gallery.

BALABAN, while serving a sentence in the penal colony of İmralı for murdering a rival in a village feud, met the poet Nazım Hikmet and other intellectuals who were political prisoners and developed an interest in art. At first entirely self-taught, he is today a leading representative of the art movement that corresponds to the realist "villagers" in Turkish fiction.

ALİYE BERGER, a gifted experimentalist, is the sister of Halikarnas Balıkcısı and Fahrünnisa Zeid and the aunt of three other artists, including Füreya.

METİN ELOĞLU: see authors.

BEDRİ RAHİMİ EYÜBOĞLU: see authors.

EREN EYÜBOĞLU, a well-known artist in her own right, is the wife of Bedri Rahmi Eyüboğlu.

FÜREYA [Koral], niece of the writer Halikarnas Balıkcısı, has exhibited in leading galleries in Turkey, France,

Mexico and the United States.

NEDİM GÜNSÜR, who lived for many years in the coal mining area of Zonguldak, Anatolia, is the leading representative of an expressionist-realist trend in painting.

NURİ İYEM (1915-), distinguished painter, graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts.

FERİT ÖNGÖREN (1932-), born in Diyarbakır, is a literary critic as well as cartoonist.

ORHAN PEKER (1927-), one of the most promising of the younger artists, is a graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts and studied in Salzburg under Oskar Kokoschka.

Magazines:

Kaynak, a Turkish magazine now defunct, originally published in English "The Map of the Sky" (Anday) and "Autobiography" (Şimşek).

Spectrum, a magazine published annually by Robert College and the American College for Girls, originally published in English "The Mirror at the Beach" (Sait Faik); "Lost Thing" (Akbal); "Let Not the Day . . ." "Frightfully Nice" (Tarancı); "Birth," "The Other Side," "Belief," (Dağlarca); "To Be Sad," "The Journey," "Morning," "Gossip," "Poem with Tweezers," "For This Country" and "Hic Jacet I and III" (Orhan Veli).

Editorial Notes

(continued from inside front cover)

After this Turkish number was in page proof, we learned from several scholars that it would be the first anthology of Turkish literature to be published in the United States. Pleased as we always are to pioneer, we regret its necessity in this instance, for, notwithstanding the omissions mentioned above, the substantial sampling of recent Turkish literature and art in the pages that follow reveals a rich mine of cultural resources that should have been explored long ago by publishers in the United States, both for its own values and as the expression of a people whose friendship is a matter of deep mutual interest.

Although a vigorous national school of Turkish literature and art has developed, most Turkish intellectuals continue to feel that their future is with the West, and the dream of many Turkish students is to study in the West, particularly in the United States. Just as their country bridges the Bosphorus, Turkish intellectuals regard themselves as a cultural bridge between Asia and the West. It is to our interest in the United States to make the fullest possible use of this bridge.

The authors, translators and artists presented are acknowledged in the "Contributors" section. It remains to express appreciation to those who assumed responsibilities in assembling manuscripts, preparing notes and providing other editorial assistance. We are in debt to Ayşe Sarialp, Cultural Affairs Assistant for the United

States Information Service in İstanbul, who captained the project. We are also in debt to Memet Fuat, young story writer, critic and translator of English and American authors. Aziz Nesin, Talât Sait Halman and Kemal H. Karpat, in addition to their literary contributions, have given substantial editorial help, as has the American writer Edouard Roditi who, while in Turkey on another assignment, assembled much of the art work, edited manuscripts, provided commentary and otherwise contributed to the presentation. The Editors, as always, assume final responsibility for the undertaking.

Note concerning Turkish pronunciation: the new Turkish alphabet, consisting of twenty-nine letters adapted from Latin characters, is pronounced as follows:

- c—"j" (just)
- ç—"ch" (church)
- ş—"sh" (shot)
- g—hard (good)
- ğ—"gh" (through)
- ö—German "o" or French "eu" (deux)
- ü—German "u" or French u (tu)

Followed by a soft vowel, "e," "i," "o," "u," "g" are pronounced like the English "y". The new Turkish script aims at being a true phonetic rendering of the language, every syllable being pronounced exactly as it is written. There are few silent letters in Turkish words—every letter as written must be pronounced. If two vowels fall together in a word, both must be clearly and separately pronounced, seldom slurred together as in a diphthong.

Turkish Number

Asaf Özer Damar Saba Uyar
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Literary

Review

AN INTERNATIONAL QUARTERLY PUBLISHED BY

Fairleigh Dickinson University

TEANECK, NEW JERSEY, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA